

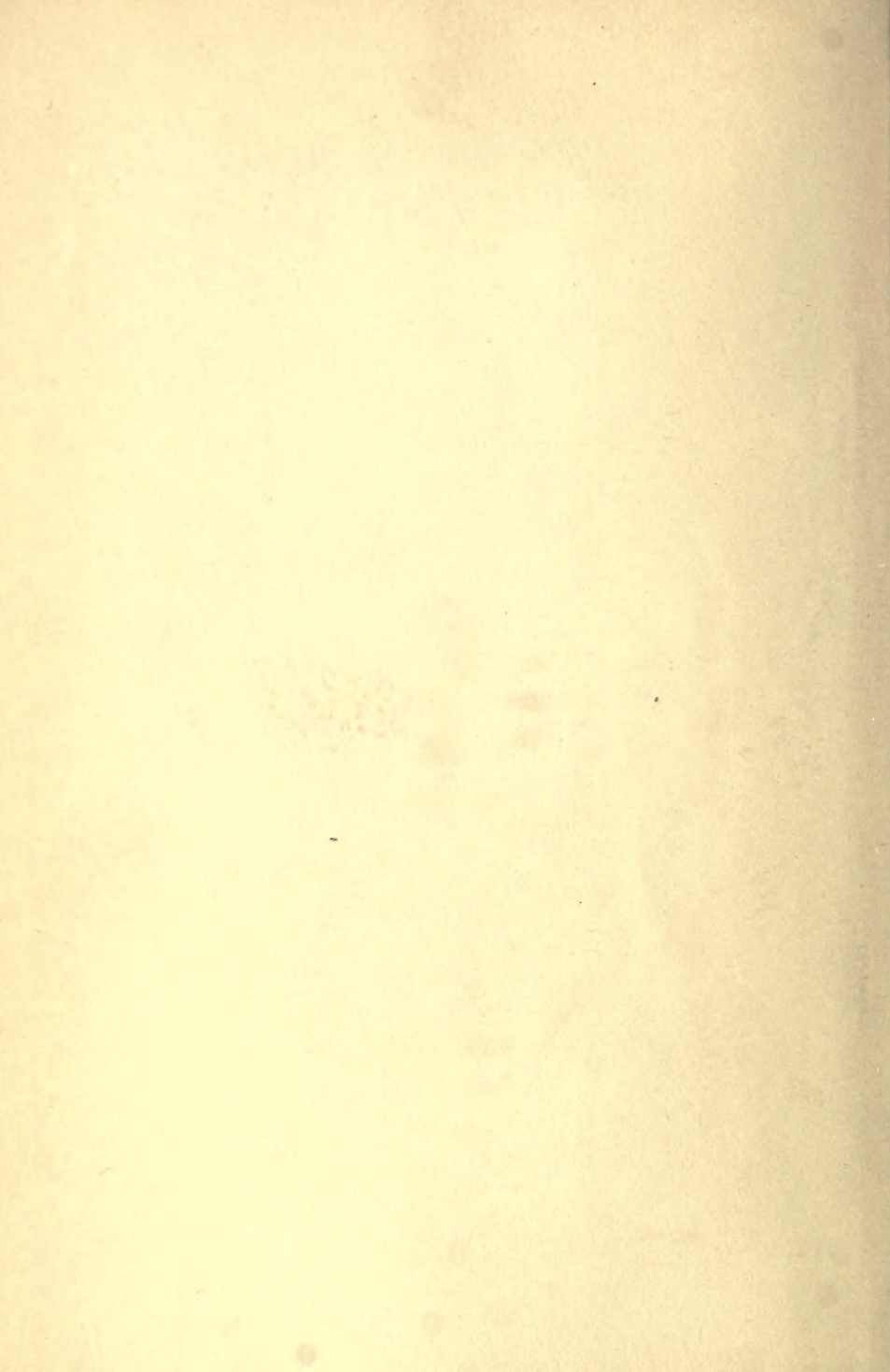
LOVE AND LETTERS

Fredric Rowland Marvin

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The Author

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LOVE AND LETTERS

BY
FREDERIC ROWLAND MARVIN

"Give all to love;
Obey thy heart;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good-fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse,—
Nothing refuse."

—Emerson.



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TO
MY BELOVED WIFE
PERSIS

"O happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortune, and their beings blend."
Thompson.



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PREFACE

The farmer who requested to be buried in Petrarch's grave that his dust might mingle with that of the poet, could not secure to himself so great an honor even though he offered one hundred crowns of gold for the privilege. He sought for himself a distinction that in no way belonged to him, and that could not under any possible circumstances be other than offensive to all lovers of art and letters. But when Lafayette sent for earth from Bunker Hill that it might be placed over his body after its interment, the selectmen of Boston saw at once the beauty and propriety of his request. They took earth from the spot where General Warren fell, and with it forwarded to Lafayette's agent a certificate stating that it was earth from one of the most sacred of places. The certificate was signed by three of the oldest men in Boston, all of whom felt that their names were honored by being thus associated with the glory of the new republic.

In these pages I seek for myself no foreign distinction to which I may lay no rightful claim. I endeavor only to associate my name with those friendly studies which are natural to all lovers of good books who delight in quiet evenings spent in the library with such volumes as dear old Charles Lamb used to touch with reverence and kiss with tenderness. Fletcher said this for me and for all who love good books long ago when he wrote:

PREFACE

"That place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers."

With some consciousness of my many limitations and of the imperfections in my work, I yet offer to my readers a literary fare that has filled for me many a long winter evening with delight, and that I truly hope may bring pleasure to others.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. LOVE AND LETTERS	1
II. THE GOOD NEIGHBOR	93
III. SILENCE	109
IV. NOBLE DEEDS OF HUMBLE MEN	151
V. THE COLLEGE AND BUSINESS LIFE	161
VI. OLD AGE	187
VII. CULTURE	223
VIII. VICISTI GALILÆE	235

I

LOVE AND LETTERS

ὦ γέρον, οὔτις κείνον ἀνὴρ ἀλαλήμενος ἔλθων
 ἀγγέλλων πείσειε γυναῖκά τε καὶ φίλον νιόν,
 ἀλλ' ἄλλως κομιδῆς κεχρημένοι ἄνδρες ἀλῆται
 ψεύδοντ', οὐδ' ἐθέλουσιν ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.
 Ὅς δέ κ' ἀλητεύων Ἰθάκης ἐς δῆμον ἵκηται,
 ἔλθων ἐς δέσποιναν ἐμὴν ἀπατήλια βάζει.
 ἥ δ' εὖ δεξαμένη φιλέει καὶ ἕκαστα μεταλλᾷ,
 καὶ οἱ ὀδυρομένη βλεφάρων ἀπο δάκρυα πίπτει,
 ἥ θέμις ἐστὶ γυναικὸς, ἐπὴν πόσις ἄλλοθ' ὄληται.

Homer.

Ah, wasteful woman! she who may
 On her sweet self set her own price,
 Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
 How has she cheapened Paradise!
 How given for naught her priceless gift;
 How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
 Which, spent with due, respective thrift
 Had made brutes men and men divine!

LOVE AND LETTERS

WHEN Mrs. Lewes, the legal wife of G. H. Lewes, died in England some time ago, an old story, false and even absurd in every detail, was revived. It was asserted that Mr. Lewes had deliberately deserted his wife, moved thereto by the powerful intellect and personal qualities of the gifted author of "Adam Bede." Mrs. Lewes was rehabilitated and readorned, and the only logical inference that could be drawn from the tender and pathetic words spoken over her grave and published from one end of England to the other was that she was a much abused woman. The real facts in the case were set forth in a statement which appeared in *The London Times*. It was made by an Edinburgh lady who was well acquainted with both Mr. Lewes and George Eliot. A due regard for truth as well as a sense of justice requires that the statement which was signed by E. Katharine Bates, and which is not so widely known as could be wished, should be published whenever the opportunity presents itself. The statement runs thus:

"Some years ago I was taking tea with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lewes, (he being the son of George Henry Lewes, to whom George Eliot left her MSS. and most of her possessions,) and the conversation turned upon the subject to which your remarks refer. I had often heard some such suggestions

made, and had greatly desired to know the truth of the matter. That afternoon Mr. Charles Lewes accompanied me downstairs to the hall door, and by a sudden and overpowering impulse I was led to ask him whether it were true that his father had left his mother owing to the influence of George Eliot. 'It is a wicked falsehood,' was his answer. 'My mother had left my father before he and George Eliot had ever met each other. George Eliot found a ruined life, and she made it into a beautiful life. She found us poor little motherless boys, and what she did for us no one on earth will ever know'; and his whole face lighted up with emotion, and the tears came to his eyes as he said this to me. He then continued in these words: 'I am the son of the woman who people say was wronged by George Eliot and by my father. I have told you the real truth of the matter, and you have my authority to repeat it wherever and whenever such a statement is made again in your presence.'"

It will be generally admitted that the question asked was anything but delicate. Only the closest friendship saved it from being a piece of unqualified impertinence. Yet it is well for us and for the memory of the dead that the question was asked. It was asked none too soon. Not long after the interview the useful and gentle life of Mr. Charles Lewes came to an end in far-away Egypt.

Lewes, according to those who knew him best, was not what is commonly called "a magnetic man"; strangers found him cold and unresponsive. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who for

many years represented more than any one else in all the English-speaking world what is known as "The Free Religious Movement," had something of the same temperament. He was conscious of the barrier that nature, reënforced by a studious disposition and fine culture, had erected between himself and ordinary men and women. To his friend, Mr. Chadwick, he lamented the "thin sheet of ice" that deterred many worthy and earnest souls from reaching him with their sympathy and moral support. Mr. Lewes does not seem to have been either aware of his aloofness or generous enough to regret the difficulty experienced by the uninitiated in approaching him. Moncure D. Conway, who knew him well, did not discover in his face anything like "sweetness and light"; and he tells us in his "Autobiography" that Lewes "did not have a pleasing voice nor any look of sensibility; but," he adds, "there was always a quick attention on his part and deference whenever George Eliot said anything."

There must have been something personally attractive in the character and companionship of the man who could win the heart of such a woman as George Eliot. The portrait which is commonly reproduced does not represent him as in any wise physically attractive—some pictures make him even repulsive. But by common agreement he was a man of rare conversational powers and of pleasing address. Perhaps it was Mr. Lewes' literary work and standing that

first interested George Eliot. Certainly it was his offer of literary assistance, based upon an early discovery of her unusual ability, that led to her recognition by the public as a woman of genius and a writer of great promise. Had she never known Mr. Lewes the recognition might have been delayed, but it could hardly have lingered a very long time. Her first inclination was in the direction of philosophy. She was a student of Comte, translated "*Leben Jesu*," and assisted Dr. Chapman in the conduct of the *Westminster Review*. It was Lewes who first discovered her genius in the realm of fiction, and it was through his advice and encouragement that her serious attention was given to the construction of the novel. His offer of assistance was not hastily accepted, nor was his effort to make her acquaintance immediately successful. She shrank from publicity of every kind, and a wall of natural reserve had to be in some measure demolished before the two gifted writers could meet in friendly conversation. No doubt the peculiar social position of Mr. Lewes had much to do with her early reluctance to make his acquaintance, and to profit by his offer of literary assistance. But the offer was based upon a real admiration for her genius, and a sincere and honorable desire to be of service to one peculiarly gifted, and whose views and tastes were in many respects strikingly in accord with his own. She was interested in many different departments of thought

and learning. She was a good linguist. Her translation of Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity" had won for her the admiration of scholarly men and women. And, added to all this, her religious opinions and attitude must have helped to recommend her to the unbelieving mind of Mr. Lewes. She had departed from the faith of her childhood, and had embraced, if not in its entirety, at least in its essential features, the doctrines of Auguste Comte. The *Edinburgh Review* described her, in reviewing her work after her death, as "the first great godless writer of fiction that has appeared in England, and perhaps in Europe." The *Review* did not intend to use the term "godless" in any offensive sense; it employed the word as the one best fitted to describe the real attitude of the woman toward what is commonly called religion. It was not contended that she was opposed to God, but only that she did not believe that He had any real existence. The *Review* continued:

"In the world of earnest art, George Eliot is the first legitimate fruit of our modern atheistic pietism; and as such she is an object of extreme interest, if not to artistic epicures, at any rate to all anxious inquirers into human destiny. For in her writings we have some sort of presentation of a world of high endeavor, pure morality, and strong enthusiasm, existing in full force, without any reference to, or help from, the thought of God."

It seems to us that George Eliot's attitude toward religion, giving that word its usual mean-

ing, accounts in some measure for the fascination which Mr. Lewes felt in the society and conversation of the gifted writer who was for so many years his true though not his legal wife. They were of one heart and of one soul. Their union, notwithstanding its status in English law, the many unfortunate embarrassments to which it gave rise, and the unfavorable comments which it evoked, was ethically a true marriage, noble and in every way honorable.

When Mr. Lewes met Marian Evans he was in a peculiar position. He was legally the husband of a woman with whom he did not live, and whose conduct had absolved him from all responsibility for her support and happiness. His wife, who was a woman of great personal beauty, but as well most wayward and reckless, had some years before eloped with a lover. Upon her protestations of repentance, he had forgiven her, and received her back into his home as his wife. This was, of course, a condonation of her crime which prevented him, when she again eloped, from obtaining a divorce. He could not marry so long as his wife in name, though no longer such in reality, lived. For some time Mr. Lewes and Marian Evans hesitated, not certain what course it was best to pursue, but at last, after consultation with friends, they determined to join their fortunes without the sanction of the church, and to face for the great love they bore each other the social disfavor that they knew must be encountered. From that time on in the

friendly circle in which they moved, George Eliot was known and honored as Mrs. Lewes.

The life of George Eliot in the home of Mr. Lewes must have been in no small measure a happy one; and yet, no doubt, there was mingled with its gladness some degree of mental distress and loneliness growing out of its firm and determined protest against social injustice and a narrow and conventional ethical system. In this belief I am encouraged by the opinion of Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson freely expressed in his book, "My Confidences":

"I am sure that she (George Eliot) was very sensitive, and must have had many a painful half hour as the helpmate of Mr. Lewes, by accepting the position in which she had placed herself in opposition to the moral instincts of most of those whom she held most dear. Though intellectually self-contained, I believe she was singularly dependent on the emotional side of her nature. With her, as with nearly all women, she needed a something to lean upon. . . . I have an impression that she felt her position acutely, and was unhappy."

When the legal Mrs. Lewes died it was thought that a marriage according to law would be effected at once, and it was rumored that such a union had taken place. But the two, already accustomed to regard themselves as husband and wife, and unwilling to discredit the existing relationship by any formalities that might cast discredit upon sincere affection and a pure life,

continued to live together "after the Lord's holy ordinance," though not after the less important ordinance of man. There was also a natural shrinking from further publicity. Both Mr. Lewes and George Eliot were constantly before the world, and their social relations had been the subject of much gossip. It is not surprising that they shrank from figuring in another sensational affair for the entertainment of idle and foolish people and an army of brazen-faced newspaper reporters. They seem to have cared little for the praise and even less for the censure of the world. They did not wish to be lions, and in each other's society they found ample companionship and happiness.

Another story of George Eliot and George Henry Lewes is the uncommon one which Mr. Richard C. Jackson told Walter Pater, and which Mr. Wright has preserved in his "Life of Pater." The story runs thus:

"One day (in 1854) at a dinner party, George Eliot being among the guests, somebody happened to observe that George Henry Lewes was seriously ill, and without a soul in the house to wait upon him. George Eliot pricked up her ears, and then saying, hurriedly, 'Please excuse me, I must go,' she left the table. She made her way straight to Lewes' house and knocked at the door. After she had waited a considerable time the sick man put his head out of the bedroom window and enquired who was there.

"'It is I, Miss Evans,' cried George Eliot. 'I have come to nurse you. Let me in, and I won't leave the house till you are better.'"

Mr. Jackson went on to say that that was the true story of the origin of the intimacy between George Eliot and George Henry Lewes; that the love between them was purely platonic; and that they never occupied together the same bedroom. Those who wish to do so can believe Mr. Jackson's story, but the world will never accept it, for the very good reason that it belittles both George Eliot and Mr. Lewes, and also for the further reason that it lacks the stamp of truth.

It was a shock to the entire English-speaking world when, after Lewes' death, George Eliot married Mr. John Walter Cross, a merchant in London, who was twenty years her junior. She married him in a Christian church, and, worst of all, signed her name "Marian Evans, spinster," thus ignoring Lewes and confessing that her relations with him had not been "after the Lord's holy ordinance." It was, no doubt, a sad climax to a life of great achievement. The dream and the romance, so idealistic and beautiful, faded away in the dull drab of a rainy day in some desolate moorland. The woman who had not for twenty years believed that there was a God took His name upon her lips in the most fashionable church in London, bowed her head when the priest recited the prayer, and so far

as we can discern subscribed to what she did not believe, and left the temple of religion "a shattered idol."

George Eliot rested so firmly upon Mr. Lewes for her ethical courage that when he was with her no more she was unable to maintain an independence which she never possessed apart from him. She rested so entirely upon his companionship that when she was deprived of it the necessity for other support was absolute. This, I think, explains in some measure her marriage with a man twenty years her junior, her implied confession that her relations with Mr. Lewes were not what they should have been, and her practical recantation which we have no reason to believe was sincere. She had acquired wealth and fame, and she had conquered prejudice and public disapproval. That conquest, however, had been won with Mr. Lewes by her side, and without his companionship it could not have been maintained. His death meant for her complete personal collapse in everything resembling social and ethical independence.

Many foolish and self-righteous attacks have been made upon the character of George Eliot. Among these may be mentioned a book by the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, called "The Influence of Scepticism on Character," from which I excerpt these unworthy lines:

"It was with this all-important institution (marriage) that George Eliot trifled, and by consenting to live with a man whose wife was still alive she

lent her vast influence to the lowering in the national mind of the sense of marital obligation which involves the happiness and dignity of millions."

"The two chosen representatives of the superior morality set aside truth for a lie, preferred their own will and pleasure to purity and justice, and exalted their lawless fancy above a palpable public duty, and lived together in adultery."

"The wronged wife in the background always makes herself felt; the torn veil is on the floor no matter what gaieties may be going on, and one is conscious of a sickening sensation all through the history."

"The wronged wife," indeed! Few men would instance the life of the first Mrs. Lewes as one of unmerited suffering because of an unkind husband's cruelty. The sanctimonious Mr. Watkinson must certainly have known that his words were false. If there ever was a woman who did not place her own will and pleasure above the happiness of others, and who refused to place these above purity and justice, that woman was George Eliot.

The editor of the *Christian World*, a paper published in London, is of the same opinion with the Rev. Mr. Watkinson. These are the words of an anonymous contributor which he approves and prints:

"George Eliot preached the doctrine of renunciation—the doctrine of self-sacrifice—the doctrine

of breaking the neck of inclination, though stiff as steel, under the foot of duty: but it was not given to her to give a transcendent example of this Christian virtue in her own life."

Mr. Lewes was certainly a true and loving husband to George Eliot, which fact inclines us all the more to the belief that he was the same kind of a husband to the unhappy wife who deserted him for a lover. Let George Eliot herself speak in this connection: these are her words, which cast a strong and beautiful light upon her relation to Mr. Lewes:

"What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting."

In truth the relation which these two sustained to each other was precisely the kind described by George Eliot in her words above cited. It was all that love could ask, and it was all that purity and justice could require.

Interesting in this connection is the story of the divorce of Lady Millais from the distinguished art-critic, John Ruskin, and of her marriage with the great artist who has immortalized her rare beauty upon many a canvas known to lovers of whatever pleases the cultivated taste and imagination in all lands. In Lady Millais Nature provided the artist with face and figure

such as painters and sculptors delight to imitate in colors and reproduce in marble. But not only was she one of the most beautiful of women, she was as well marvellously brilliant and fascinating as a conversationalist. "She was a handsome, tall young woman," wrote one who knew her well, "with rosy cheeks and wavy black hair." Ruskin was much older than she, but he fell deeply in love with her; and she, then Euphemia Gray, a young and gay Scottish beauty, obeyed her parents, and gave the hand that sculptors delighted to contemplate to a man honest as the daylight, but often crabbed and opinionated, and in many ways ill-suited to her artistic, joyous, and mercurial temper. The marriage was not a happy one. Her heart and spirits failed, and Ruskin could not but see that he had made one of the saddest of mistakes. All the world knew that he was a man of just spirit and kind heart. He did what he could to comfort and cheer his young wife, but the fates were against him. He was too wise a man not to know what Richter had known before him, that "the Fates and Furies glide with linked hands over life not less surely and swiftly than do the Graces and Sirens"; and he was as well too wise a man to contend against manifest destiny when at last arrived the auspicious moment for a noble and kindly self-sacrifice.

In 1854 John Millais was for a time with Ruskin in Scotland. He painted Ruskin standing by the Falls of Glenfinias. The two men were

companionable and happy together. Long hours were spent in the most delightful fellowship. But Ruskin could not be blind to the fact that the young girl who by parental arrangement was his wife, but who had almost nothing in common with him, had in the society of the artist a new life. The enthusiasm ripened into love. With a generosity as astonishing as it was noble, John Ruskin placed the beautiful hand of the young wife in that of his friend, and, with a voice tremulous with emotion, gave them both his kindly blessing. A decree of nullity dissolved the old marriage that was not made in heaven, and on the third of June, 1855, the new union of Mil-lais and Mrs. Ruskin was celebrated at Dower's Well, Ruskin himself being present when his former wife pronounced the solemn words that made her the life-long companion of another.

There is, I think, in all literature no paragraph more touching than that in which Cotton Mather records his renouncement of the holiest of human affections, at what he believed to be the call of a Divine Love. He may have had before his mental vision the ancient story, so familiar to him and to men of his way of thinking, of the trial of Abraham's faith at Jehovah-jireh, when the aged patriarch stretched out his hand to slay his son at the command of God. Our New England fathers were great literalists—they too often followed the letter rather than the spirit. Mather was a man of many pitiable mistakes, as the early annals of Massachusetts make only

too clear. If ever a human soul was surely mistaken, this old Puritan preacher who thought to please his Heavenly Father by renouncing a dying wife was above all others deceived. This is the sad paragraph:

"When I saw to what a point of resignation I was now called of the Lord, I resolved, with His help, therein to glorify Him. So, two hours before my lovely consort expired, I kneeled by her bedside, and I took into my two hands a dear hand, the dearest in the world. With her thus in my hands, I solemnly and sincerely gave her up unto the Lord: and in token of my real Resignation, I gently put her out of my hands, and laid away a most lovely hand, resolving that I would never touch it more. This was the hardest, and perhaps the bravest action that ever I did. She . . . told me that she signed and sealed my act of resignation. And though before that she called for me continually, she after this never asked for me any more."

Whether Ruskin is to be approved or disapproved will depend upon conditions underlying the decree of nullity, and which cannot be discussed in this place. If the grounds were real and sufficient there remains nothing to be said. To the decree Ruskin consented, and to it the courts also agreed, and therefore there remains, I think, no ground for public discussion, even were such discussion seemly.

Mr. Alger has well written in his "Friendships of Women":

"The banes of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with general liberty and repose, and are provocative of rankling or exploding resentments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high aims, great interests, soft voices, quiet and gentle manners, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands or dictation, and generous allowances of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a noble allegiance, not as a collar, but as a garland. The Graces are never so lovely as when seen waiting on the Virtues; and, where they thus dwell together, they make a heavenly home."

Love must have in it something larger and nobler than passion. There must be oneness of sympathy, and delight in companionship founded upon a common ideal in life. Only through such an ideal is it possible to rise above the vulgar littlenesses that make life barren. There seems to have been in the united lives of Lewes and the author of "Adam Bede" the ideal described. We find it in lesser degree, and yet as distinctly, in the love that made forever one the common destiny of Sir John Millais and the beautiful woman who was once the mismated wife of Ruskin. This same ideal (though the marriage was in this case perfectly regular if we leave out of sight its clandestine and "runaway" features) may be dis-

covered also in the one life and aspiration of Robert and Elizabeth Browning.

Whatever is out of the common order of things is sure to draw down upon itself more or less adverse criticism. No greater harshness of judgment was apportioned to Lewes than was at an earlier period meted out to Martin Luther. Thousands of good men and women looked with the utmost abhorrence upon the marriage of the Reformer, himself a monk, with a nun who was under a vow of "perpetual chastity." In how different a light that marriage now presents itself to us in this later age of the world! There was discovered some years ago in the Schloss Mainberg, not far from the city of Schweinfurt-on-the-Main, a valuable relic: it is the drinking cup which Lucas Cranach painted and gave to Luther on his wedding day. It is to us a very sacred treasure, but once it would have been regarded as not only of no value whatever as a memento, but as an accursed thing associated with the adulterous union of two persons who had no moral right to live together as husband and wife. Both monk and nun were wedded to the church. The binding obligation of the compact that thus joined them could be dissolved by death alone. Only Luther's followers, few in number, dared view the matter in a different light; yet the time approaches when over all our earth the marriage of Luther will seem the right and natural thing it most certainly was. The time will also come when in the case of Lewes,

as in that of the Reformer, the spirit will take precedence over the letter, and the conventional will be lost sight of in a just and reasonable view of marriage. But the world will always find it hard to forgive George Eliot for the painful disloyalty to Lewes that connects itself with her second marriage. The union of Mr. Lewes and George Eliot wronged no one; it made two wonderful and beautiful lives happy; it added grace and sweetness to a home that was ideal; and it gave to the world literature that might otherwise have been, in part at least, denied it. Foolish is the remonstrance of an unenlightened conscience that lays such undue stress upon mere form.

"Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt with by attorneyship."

What Luther thought of his wife may be learned from his will, which was discovered in the archives of the Evangelical Synod of Hungary. To her he leaves all his property because "she has always treated me as a pious and faithful wife should treat her husband; because she has always loved me, respected me, and taken care of me; and because—Heaven be thanked for that rich blessing—she has given me five living children and educated them." He states still another reason for bequeathing all that he has to her: "Because I will not that she shall be dependent of the children, but the children shall be dependent of her, for they shall respect and

obey her, such as the commandment of God says." Evidently through all the ages there runs one law coming to life in good hearts under whatever faith or civilization. That law was at work in Greek and Roman days as it was later in Germany, and still later in England. Pliny the younger wrote in his letter to the aunt of his wife Calpurnia these words that should be oftener printed and read:

"She loves me, the surest pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You would smile to see the concern she is in when I have a cause to plead, and the joy she shows when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought her of the success I meet with in court. If I recite anything in public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear. Sometimes she accompanies my verses with the lute, without any master except love, the best of instructors. From these instances I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness, since her affection is not founded on my youth or person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal part of me."

Always the essence of whatever is good will be found not in the form but in the thing itself. Religion, no matter what may be the system of theology embraced, is of the spiritual nature; so also is Love, when also a thing of the heart. In

the right-minded it is a pure flame and will honor "sanctimonious ceremonies," demanding as well where these may be had that they shall "with full and holy rite be ministered"; but never where no fault may be imputed, and yet these may not be observed, as in the case of Lewes and George Eliot, will the enlightened soul, through the false shame of a cowardly conscience, prove untrue to a supreme affection. Marriage in its highest and best sense is founded upon, and is the natural expression of, a supreme affection. This it is our poets have in mind when they write of "the marriage of souls." It endures after the passion associated with its beginning is no more, and it remains even when marriage in its ordinary sense and significance does not supervene. After the death of Washington Irving there was found a lock of hair and a miniature which through long years he had cherished. He never forgot the young girl to whom, when a youth, his heart was given. She was snatched away by death, but he always regarded himself as hers. The first supreme affection is of the spiritual essence of marriage, though it may be no marriage in the usual sense of the word has ever taken place. But sometimes it so happens that the first union is not that of a supreme affection; then there yet remains sufficient room for its later blessing, and what we call the second marriage may be in an ideal sense the first. Thus it was with John Stuart Mill, in whose "Autobiography" are these words:

"Between the time of which I have spoken and the present, took place the most important events of my private life. The first of these was my marriage, in April, 1851, to a lady whose incomparable worth had made her friendship the greatest source to me both of happiness and of improvement, during many years in which we never expected to be in closer relation to one another. Ardently as I could have aspired to this complete union of our lives at any time in the course of my existence at which it had been practicable, I, as much as my wife, would far rather have foregone that privilege forever than have owed it to the premature death of one for whom I had the sincerest respect, and she the strongest affection. That event, however, having taken place in July, 1849, it was granted to me to derive from that evil my own greatest good, by adding to the partnership of thought, feeling, and writing which had long existed, a partnership of our entire existence. For seven and a half years that blessing was mine; for seven and a half only! I can say nothing which could describe, even in the faintest manner, what that loss was and is. But because I know that she would have wished it, I endeavor to make the best of what life I have left, and to work on for her purposes with such diminished strength as can be derived from thoughts of her, and communion with her memory."

The phraseology here was, no doubt, suggested to the mind of Mill by a long acquaintance with the teachings of Comte, to which he in large measure subscribed. Winwood Reade, who was an avowed disciple of the French philos-

opher, represents one of the characters in his book, "The Outcast," as addressing a friend who, like Mill, mourned the death of an almost idolized wife, in these words:

"Preserve her memory; place her image on the altar of your heart; believe that she is the witness and judge of your actions and your thoughts; then your life will be noble and pure. Love without hope, then your love will be to you as a religion, for none so nearly approaches the love that is divine."

Very interesting in this connection is the Marriage Document which Mr. Mill composed and signed in the stillness and seclusion of his library. No one can read the Document without perceiving how noble was Mr. Mill's idea of marriage:

"6th March, 1851.

"Being about, if I am so happy as to obtain her consent, to enter into the marriage relation with the only woman I have ever known with whom I would have entered into that state; and the whole character of the marriage relation as constituted by law being such as both she and I entirely and conscientiously disapprove, for this among other reasons, that it confers upon one of the parties to the contract, legal power and control over the person, property, and freedom of action of the other party, independent of her own wishes and will; I, having no means of legally divesting myself of these odious powers (as I most assuredly would do if an engagement to that effect could be made legally binding on me), feel it my duty to put on

record a formal protest against the existing law of marriage, in so far as conferring such powers; and a solemn promise never in any case or under any circumstances to use them. And in the event of marriage between Mrs. Taylor and me I declare it to be my will and intention, and the condition of the engagement between us, that she retains in all respects whatever the same absolute freedom of action, and freedom of disposal of herself and of all that does or may at any time belong to her, as if no such marriage had taken place; and I absolutely disclaim and repudiate all pretence to have acquired any rights whatever by virtue of such marriage.

“J. S. MILL.”

Mr. Mill gives us in his “Autobiography” a number of beautiful allusions to the spiritual and intellectual worth of his wife, and many acknowledgments of his indebtedness to her in both his life and his work. He seemed to find satisfaction and comfort in these allusions and acknowledgments. In this he is not alone. Literature is full of examples of the most pathetic tenderness. Where the marriage-union is what it should be, death cannot destroy it. The “final catastrophe” which we await with what composure we can command may even increase the strength of love by subtracting from it such perishable elements as are of this earth alone. How many authors know, as did John Stuart Mill, that their success is that of another’s brain—another’s, yet their own. The writer of these lines is well assured that whatever

of worth or beauty it may have been given him to provide for the feast of life can be traced without doubt or hesitancy to the dear companionship of a wife who is the gladness of his existence and the inspiration of his working hours.

Dr. Gurney, who was Mr. Mill's physician, is authority for the statement that Mr. Mill persisted in living at his residence in Avignon, though he knew that the place was unwholesome. He refused to have the trees about the house cut down for fear the nightingales would be driven away; and he would not leave Avignon because it was there he had lived with his wife through all those happy days he so delighted to remember. In the cemetery just beyond the city he had laid to rest all that was mortal of that dear wife; and, though erysipelas, of which Mr. Mill died, was known to be endemic in the valley where the house was situated, he would not go far from the tomb of his wife, which it was his custom to visit several times in a week. His devotion to the memory of his wife at last cost him the few years he might have reasonably counted upon for work. Sad years they would have been, beyond all doubt, but they might have been useful to the world.

Francis Ellingwood Abbot, whose death at his own hands closed most tragically a life of rare scholarship and of the finest aspirations, thus dedicated his book, "The Syllogistic Philosophy," to which he had given so many years of the most careful investigation:

TO THE MEMORY
OF
MY WIFE
IN WHOSE DIVINE BEAUTY OF CHARACTER
LIFE AND SOUL

I FOUND THE GOD I SOUGHT

OCT. 18, 1839: OCT. 23, 1893

SHE MADE HOME HAPPY, AND WAS ALL THE WORLD
TO ME.

It seems to the writer of this paper that Dr. Abbot comes as near as any one ever can to a demonstration of personal immortality. Where he leaves the question, so far as can be seen, we shall all of us have to leave it. An interesting fact in connection with his argument is that of the perpetual influence of the thought of his wife in both the discussion and the conclusions arrived at. Her death impressed him very much as that of Mrs. Mill impressed her husband; in both cases the relationship was intensely spiritual; in both cases the memory was almost of the nature of a religion. It was the memory of a "divine beauty of character, life and soul." Mr. Mill did not believe in immortality, while Dr. Abbot did; but both realized their highest aspirations in wedded love. Mr. Alger has well said in his "Friendships of Women," "As the ferment of passion ceases, the lees settle, and a transparent sympathy appears, reflecting all heavenly and eternal things." Of course the accidents and circumstances of love change, as everything in life shows

us. The passionate elements, blissful but unrestful, fade, and slowly the tranquil orb of a spiritual love rises in the clear evening of declining years. Ebers makes one of the characters in his novel, "An Egyptian Princess," say that love is always the same thing, and that people will love in every age as Sappho loved. There is a sense in which that is true; and yet human development, which includes the unfolding of the passions, like a mighty river moves on, now in stately grandeur and now in foam and torrent, until at last the sea is reached and all the noise and turmoil of life are forever hushed.

There are those who represent married love as little more than an idealization of the sensual nature. They tell us that the spiritual element came in with the asceticism of early Christianity, when everything connected with the body was pronounced evil. But certainly love was not all of it sensual in the old Greek and Roman days, though, as Mr. Finck has pointed out in his "Primitive Love and Love-Stories," the popular belief has always been to the contrary. Finck quotes from Robert Wood's "Essay on the Original Genius and Writings of Homer," printed in 1775, these words: "Is it not very remarkable that Homer, so great a master of the tender and pathetic, who has exhibited human nature in almost every shape and under every view, has not given a single instance of the powers and effects of love, distinct from sensual enjoyment, in the 'Iliad'?" Well, whatever may or may not be true

of Homer's account of love in his day and in still more remote times, there certainly are to be found in ancient literature examples of romantic and spiritual love between the sexes. Of course the spiritual is often associated with the sensual, very much as it is in our own day, and in the lives of men and women personally known to us. Pericles and Aspasia may have been great sinners, but between them there was something vastly different from mere sensual gratification. Pericles was not a fool to be taken with a simper and a smile. He was an illustrious orator, statesman and warrior who for forty years was at the head of affairs in Athens. Aspasia, if she was a courtesan in any sense that may be attached to that word, was, nevertheless, a woman who could converse with Socrates about such themes as interested his great mind. Is it to be believed that her home, the centre of the finest culture and the most brilliant conversation, was only the cover for mere animal enjoyment? When Seneca asked, "What can be sweeter than to be so dear to your wife that it makes you dearer to yourself," had he in mind nothing more than those attractions that might have rendered Paulina pleasing to the sensualist? The phrase, common in that day, "As pale as Seneca's Paulina," repels the charge that mere sensual attraction was the foundation of all domestic life in Greek and Roman days. When the reformer Phocion had drunk the hemlock, his body was refused burial in Attic soil. No Athenian might kindle

the funeral pyre. But his wife, faithful to him after his death as during his life, came with her handmaids and Canopion, whose name Plutarch has preserved, and removed the body beyond the frontier. There she obtained fire, and the funeral pile was lighted. When the obsequies were ended she did not neglect the customary libations. Then that noble wife gathered up the bones of the one she loved more than any other person living or dead, and, in the darkness of night, she took them to her own house in Athens. Plutarch records that she buried the bones of her husband beneath her own hearthstone, and over them breathed this prayer: "Blessed hearth, to your custody I commit the remains of a good and brave man; and, I beseech you, protect and restore them to the sepulchre of his fathers when the Athenians return to their right minds."

Of all loves, married love is the best. It has in it nothing of the lover's "cruel madness" and nothing of his "wild delight," but it has in it great peace and kindness. It is full of abiding confidence and of that beautiful accord which makes two lives to be but one. A visitor to the home of Wordsworth wrote: "I saw the old man walking in the garden with his wife. They were both quite old, and he was almost blind; but they seemed like sweethearts courting, they were so tender to each other and so attentive." There is a sunset love in its way quite as beautiful as is the more often praised love of youth's early morning. Poets of long ago celebrated it in

songs we translate and retranslate with enthusiasm into every language all over the world. Thus Paulus Silentarius sang of "Love in Old Age"—and he was not alone, for with him sang immortal ones whose voices sound out as sweetly and as full of melody to-day as once they sounded in the ears of generations long gone to rest:

"Let others boast of charms divine,
The agile step and graceful air;
More lovely is thy wrinkled face,
And threads of silver in thy hair.

I'd rather fold thee in my arms
Than press the sweetest maid that lives;
Thy winter brings more warmth of love
Than all her youthful summer gives."¹

As ordinary and even trivial words when translated into tender music capture the most sluggish imagination and infuse into it new life, so a common nature transfigured with beauty wins its way to the hardest heart. Well writes the world's great poet:

"All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth."

There is a beauty no artist can transfer to canvas, and no sculptor carve in marble; a beauty we cannot behold with the eye, nor describe with pen or voice; a beauty we can only feel as an undefined presence. Not all souls are sensitive to

¹ *Marvin*: "Flowers of Song from Many Lands," p. 75.

its influence. A certain spiritual clairvoyance is necessary in order to find it out, but when once discovered, its power over its discoverer is irresistible. We wonder what a certain woman could discern in a man who seemed to us dull and prosaic, that induced her to leave all and follow him. She was not deceived. There were qualities in his character and presence we could neither see nor appreciate. A very shrewd and practical man said: "Judged by the wisdom of this world, and by the rules and maxims of policy, I am a fool to think of marrying the woman whose name I have spoken; but I tell you honestly, that I would cheerfully part from all I have and all I hope to have, might I but call her 'wife.'" She was twenty years older than he, and socially his inferior; but they married and lived happily together. George Eliot writes: "It is a deep mystery—the way the heart of man turns to one woman out of all the rest he's seen." It may be a deep mystery, but it would be a deeper one were it otherwise.

Yet the anonymous author of "The History and Philosophy of Marriage" believes that man is by nature a polygamist, and that, left to himself, under whatever religion or civilization, he inclines to more than one woman. He may love one woman more than any other, but he is never or seldom under the control of what has been called a "supreme affection"—that is to say, an exclusive affection. In his "Contarini Fleming," Lord Beaconsfield expresses a very differ-

ent belief when he tells us that "To a man who is in love the thought of another woman is uninteresting, if not repulsive." That may be a strong way of expressing the exclusiveness of the supreme affection, but it accords with the general conviction of mankind, and it seems to be sustained by what we know of social relations in every age and land. There is a difference between the East and the West. Oriental marriage is, as compared with marriage in England and America, a carnal and unspiritual relationship. The songs that celebrate it are voluptuous, and concern themselves for the most part with sensual gratification. The ideal element is wanting, and so also is that supreme affection which centres in one love that endures because ideal rather than carnal. It is true of love as of religion, which is somewhat of the same nature, that the earthly passes away with the disappearing of youth, health, and material beauty; while the spiritual continues even when the person loved has long ceased to live. The love that enabled Ruskin to choose happiness for his wife rather than for himself was surely of an unselfish nature, and we must acknowledge it to have been such whether we approve or disapprove of his great surrender.

If again the reader's attention may be directed to the life and character of John Stuart Mill, it is quite to the point to add that with Mr. Mill love was something that not only sanctified the relation of the sexes and lifted it into

the realm of the ideal, but that also diffused in the heart a sentiment of kindness that disposed its possessor to be helpful to others. No sooner was Mill dead than Herbert Spencer published the fact that Mill had offered to guarantee his publisher against loss by publishing his (Spencer's) works, although those works combatted some of Mr. Mill's own views. Mr. Mill's life was full of a generous kindness, but that kindness, at least in its outward expression, was not a birthright. He was not naturally approachable. He was regarded as cold, unsympathetic and distant. Only the select few were at home in his society. His later and more mature life, so rich in friendship and breadth of sympathy, he owed to that transforming love which lighted up for him the entire world. Even after the transformation there was still within him an element that at times awakened in others a spirit of antagonism. No sooner was Mr. Mill dead than another man having nothing of Spencer's friendship openly attacked Mill's reputation in a most vicious manner. Mr. James Hayward, a translator of "Faust" and a man of considerable ability, denounced Mr. Mill in *The London Times* as "an apostle of the philosophy of unbelief," and a man of impure doctrine and life. To this the Rev. Stopford Brooke replied from his pulpit of a Sunday morning. But Mr. Hayward was not to be silenced so easily; he printed at his own cost a rejoinder in the shape of an open letter to Mr.

Brooke in which he repeated his attack with augmented fury. There were those who thought the point well taken when Mr. Hayward addressed to the preacher these caustic words: "Mr. Mill's scepticism certainly forms one reason among many why his praises should not have been exceptionally and ostentatiously heralded from the pulpit of one of the Queen's chaplains." Surely the pulpit was not the place for that able defense, since Mr. Mill's views were not those which a Queen's chaplain would be expected to support when he put on the surplice and undertook to recite the Athanasian creed. The preacher was in that matter as far removed from honesty as was George Eliot when she celebrated her second marriage in a Christian church and with a Christian service. But Mr. Brooke's vindication expressed the feeling of cultivated men and women, and was in itself a noble argument. Of course the charge of immorality was based upon Mill's long years of friendship with the married woman who was afterward his wife; but those years furnished, in truth, no argument; for they were unmarked, so far as any human being ever knew, by the slightest departure from purity in word or deed. The sermon, though in a wrong place, still shows how vitally Mill had seized upon the public mind, and how deeply he had impressed the hearts of men. Something had changed him from the cold, unsympathetic thinker he was by nature, and had given him an affectionate place in the great Soul of Humanity.

It was beyond all doubt the transforming love of the gracious and noble woman through whom at last he came to view life in its entirety.

Shelley wrote in his *Journal*:

"Beware of giving way to trivial sympathies. Content yourself with one great affection—with a single mighty hope; let the rest of mankind be the subjects of your benevolence, your justice and, as human beings, of your sensibility; but as you value many hours of peace, never suffer more than one ever to approach the hallowed circle."

Shelley's philosophy, which is not so selfish as at first appears, was, consciously or otherwise, a governing principle in the lives of the men and women whose personal attachments we have studied. It is true that neither Lewes nor Mill was indifferent to the feelings, desires and necessities of mankind. The work which John Stuart Mill performed in his study, surrounded by his books, was one that had for its chief end the improvement of the condition of the common people. Neither of these men refused to confer with unpretending and lowly persons. Yet never did they wear their hearts upon their sleeves, for daws to peck at. A serene and noble reserve shielded them from those wasteful intrusions that cheapen life and exhaust power, while a supreme affection satisfied the profoundest desire and demand of the heart. To make use of a vulgar but expressive phrase that comes to us from a popular magazine, "We commonly live

all over the lot." Too many interests render the mind unfit for the faithful and competent care of any one of them that may appear more important than the others. So is it with a heart that, loving indiscriminatingly, never knows what a true and noble attachment really means.

Few in this materialistic age of the world think of turning to the life of Jonathan Edwards for a story of sentiment and romance; and yet not many pictures of pure love and exalted purpose are more attractive than is that in which the great philosopher and the Puritan maiden are brought before us in all the strength and sweetness of a supreme love that had within it a spiritual light exalting it above merely earthly attachments, and making it in a very true sense religious. Edwards first saw Sarah Pierrepont when she was a child of only thirteen summers, but even then there was something in her presence that distinguished her from other women of her years. Edwards tells us that notwithstanding her tender age she awakened in his heart a deep and permanent affection that was to have a wonderful influence over all his subsequent life, and that was to enrich and ennoble her own life as well. She has been described as the possessor of "a rare and lustrous beauty both of form and features." With this beauty, Dr. Dwight tells us, "there was joined a loveliness of expression, the combined result of goodness and intelligence." Another writer tells us that "there was a beautiful and natural religious enthusiasm of a mystic

character that illuminated and ennobled her face, and gave to even her common life a charm that captivated Edwards from the first moment of his meeting with her." When Edwards was in his twentieth year he wrote of Sarah Pierrepont, then in her thirteenth, this memorable passage, which Dr. Chalmers called one of the most eloquent in all our English language:

"They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that great Being who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on Him; that she expects after a while to be received up where He is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that He loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from Him always. There she is to dwell with Him, and to be ravished with His love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this great Being. She is of a wonderful calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this great God has manifested Himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about

from place to place singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her."

Thus did the young man Jonathan Edwards picture to himself the physically and spiritually beautiful Sarah Pierrepont. The more he saw of her the more he loved her. They were engaged, and he urged that the marriage should not be too long delayed. "Patience," he wrote her, "is commonly esteemed a virtue, but in this case I may almost regard it as a vice." When they were united, only a few months before his ordination, she was but seventeen years of age. Edwards had made no mistake. The lovely girl who held such wonderful communion with God, and whose marvellous beauty was equally that of person and of the spiritual nature, proved herself to be no idle dreamer. She made her husband's home at Northampton all it was in the power of any woman to make it. As a mother the record of her life challenges admiration at every turn. When her distinguished husband had increased his fame and had come to be regarded as a guide and leader in both intellectual and spiritual things, she moved by his side in all essential matters his companion and equal. Whitefield spent a few days in her home, and left his testimony for succeeding generations that in all his wanderings he had "never seen a sweeter couple."

Edwards' external life was barren of adornment; his home was plain; his table was simple; and his labors were scarcely appreciated by the uninstructed men and women for whom, during a large part of his ministry, he toiled. An ecclesiastical dispute in which he was wholly in the right disturbed his peace of mind, and drove him from the pulpit of a church in which he was deeply interested. We should none of us like to live as he lived, without art, travel, and the conveniences of modern civilization. Nothing could persuade us to go back to the tallow candle, the well in the back yard, and the weekly instead of the daily paper. We could not get on with a Concord coach since we have come to know the luxury of the steam railroad and of the automobile. We live in a better world than that in which Edwards lived. But in domestic life we do well if we are as fortunate and as happy as was he, notwithstanding all the beauty and comfort that enter our homes and make them attractive. His intellectual life was one the world will long remember, but his heart found its deepest satisfaction in a love that made the glory of public achievement seem poor, if not actually unattractive. The storm of discussion might rage without, but it could never reach that home of love.

What shall be said of Warren Hastings, whom Lord Macaulay has immortalized in one of the noblest essays our language has known or is likely to know for many a year to come? Few

of all the readers who have enjoyed that classic remember that the great Governor-General of India had in his life a romantic experience that entitles him to a place with the worthy ones who have illustrated for others the lasting power of the supreme affection. The lady who was later his wife was, when he first met her, the wife of a German Baron who, notwithstanding his title, was an artist, if the painting of very indifferent miniatures can make one an artist. Like the English painter Millais, our German Baron was an interested party in what has been facetiously called "the placing of a wife." But the English painter was a man of genius who received his wife as a gift of friendship from her husband, while the German Baron sold his wife for money which the distinguished Governor-General was only too glad to pay. Ruskin's wife respected her husband though she did not love him; but the beautiful consort of our second-rate and mercenary Baron Imhoff despised her lord and master as any self-respecting woman would have done in her distressing place.

The story is this: Hastings met the Baron and his wife on the ship that transported him to India, where he served his country in a way that made him deserve more at her hands than he received, but not more than he would have received had there been no Impeachment and no wrongs leading up to that Impeachment. The Baroness Imhoff was a woman of genius and accomplishments; and Hastings was a man of rare

ability and fascination. It is not surprising that they came to love each other. But perhaps matters would have progressed no further had not Hastings fallen ill. Through all his sickness on the *Duke of Grafton*, for that was the name of the ship, the Baroness nursed him with womanly delicacy and tenderness; and long before the voyage was ended the two were practically pledged to a united life. There were no bitter words exchanged between husband and lover, nor was there any thought of a duel. Our Baron of the brushes and paint-pot had more need for money than for a wife; and, in truth, a wife like the Baroness Imhoff was to him an impediment and nothing more, unless her charms could be turned to financial profit. They were capable of such conversion; and the new relation sustained by the accomplished woman was due to the tenderest love on the part of Hastings and equally to the most sordid selfishness on the part of her husband. Governor-General Hastings and the Baroness Imhoff lived together only after the successful prosecution of the suit against her husband for divorce. In 1777 the divorce was obtained, and soon after the lovers were united in marriage. The Baron rejoiced in the possession of a much larger fortune than his art, if such it might be called, had ever brought him, and with the improvement of his financial condition he disappears from view, and we hear no more of him. For nearly fifty years

Hastings and his wife by purchase lived together in happy wedlock. Of her Macaulay wrote, "She had an agreeable person, a cultivated mind, and manners in the highest degree pleasing." That she was as the distinguished essayist described her to be is in some measure proved by the favor she found in the sight of such accomplished and good women as Fanny Burney and Hannah More, and also by the regard for her which King George III. and Queen Charlotte entertained. Hastings loved her with a manly and tender affection. Of her he wrote when for a brief season separated from her, "Yesterday morning I held in my arms all that my heart holds dear; O my Marian, I love you more by far than life! When shall I again see you?" She was much younger than he, and she survived him many years, through all of which she remained his widow, faithful to his memory as she had been faithful to him during the happy years of their wedded life.

Emerson's line, "All men love a lover," has become a proverb. Love is everywhere recognized as the primitive and everlasting passion, universally felt. With it our race began its career, and through its Divine allurements that race has continued to inhabit a planet that were else desolate as the dead moon that at night lights with borrowed glory the vast expanse above our heads. In this supreme passion earth and heaven seem united:

"In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions, as of earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But Love is indestructible."

Old Egypt and our new Republic that was but yesterday born into the family of nations are welded together in the eternal circle of this passion. It is not long ago that there was dug up in Chaldea an ancient love letter traced in clay. The clay, baked in an oven, had hardened until it was so firm and enduring that not a line nor even a letter could be effaced without great effort. How old is that love letter? No one knows. But of this we may be sure; it was written more than two thousand years ago. The young woman lived, so far as we can discover, in Sippera; and her lover was a resident of Babylon. The epistle reads thus:

"To the lady Kashbuya says Gimil Marduk this: May the Sun God of Marduk afford you eternal life. I write that I may know how your health is. Oh, send me a message about it. I live in Babylon and have not seen you, and for this reason I am very anxious. Send me a message that will tell me when you will come to me, so that I may be happy. May you live long for my sake."

That old clay love letter, written so many hundreds of years ago, is not very unlike, except in its ancient phrasing, the tender missives of later times. Here are words of noble affection

written by Charles I. to Henriette Marie, daughter of Henry IV. of France, when she was coming to join him:

"Dear Heart: I never knew till now the good of ignorance, for I did not know the danger thou wert in by the storm before I had assurance of thy happy escape, we having had a pleasing false report of thy safe landing at Newcastle, which thine of the 19th of January so far confirmed us in that we were at least not undeceived of that hope till we knew certainly how great a danger thou hast passed, of which I shall not be out of apprehension until I have the happiness of thy company.

"For indeed I think it not the least of my misfortunes that for my sake thou hast run so much hazard. But my heart being full of admiration for thee, affection for thee, and impatient passion of gratitude to thee, I cannot but say something, leaving the rest to be read by thee out of thine own noble heart.

CHARLES R."

Henry IV. was an enthusiastic lover, but I cannot say that he was a very constant or faithful lover. Here are three letters that he addressed to his "Dear Heart," Madam de Liancourt;

"My Beautiful Love: Two hours after the arrival of this messenger, you will see a cavalier who loves you very much; they call him the King of France and of Navarre, an honorable title certainly, but very troublesome—that of your subject is much more delightful; the three together are good with any sauce, and I am resolved to give them up to

no one. (This 12th September, from our delicious deserts of Fontainebleau.)”

“My True Heart, . . . You declare that you love me a thousand times more than I love you. You have lied, and you shall maintain your lie with the arms which you have chosen. . . . I shall not see you for ten days—it is enough to kill me. I will not tell you how much I mind: it would make you too vain.”

“My Darling Love,—*March 1st.* The fields are much sweeter than the town. Good-morning, my all!”

Some of the best love letters that have been preserved, viewed as literature, are from royal lovers. Why is it that a class of men who so seldom succeed in literature as such are so peculiarly successful in these delicate missives of the heart?

Thus Cromwell addressed his wife, who forgot, as many a wife has done since his day and as many a wife will do in the future, how full the mind and heart of a public man may be of great affairs and great services:

“My Dearest: I have not leisure to write much; but I could chide thee that, in many of thy letters, thou writest to me that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature, let that suffice. I rest thine

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”

After twenty years of happy married life Washington thus gently chided his anxious wife:

"My Dearest Life and Love: You have hurt me, I know not how much, by the insinuation in your last that my letters to you have been less frequent because I have felt less concern for you. The suspicion is most unkind. Have we lived almost a score of years in the closest and dearest conjugal intimacy to so little purpose that on the appearance only of inattention to you, and which you might have accounted for in a thousand ways more natural and more probable, you should pitch upon that single motive which alone is injurious to me?"

"I have not, I own, wrote so often to you as I wished and as I ought, but think of my situation and then ask your heart if I be without excuse. We are not, my dearest, in circumstances most favorable to our happiness; but let us not, I beseech you, idly make them worse by indulging in suspicions and apprehensions which minds in distress are but too apt to give way to. Your most faithful and tender husband.
G. W."

Here are equally tender and beautiful words written by Edgar Allan Poe to his wife in a time of great trial:

"My Dear Heart, My Dear Virginia: Our mother will explain to you why I stayed away from you this night. Of my last great disappointment I should have lost my courage but for you, my little, darling wife. I shall be with you to-morrow, and be assured until I see you, I will keep in loving

remembrance your last words and your fervent prayer. May God grant you a peaceful summer with your devoted
EDGAR."

Love letters are a literature in themselves, and are wholly unlike other kinds of composition. Their writers, with marvellous delicacy, place upon paper what nothing could induce them to say with the living voice. Though the writer be no poet, yet is his letter crowded with fine figures of rhetoric, metaphors, and sentimental and impassioned bursts of feeling. Not infrequently the composition deepens to a religious intensity that touches the thought with something like inspiration. Letters of every kind but those of love go out of fashion. Telegraph and telephone have rendered unnecessary much of our ordinary correspondence. Business letters are now typewritten by clerks and scribes of one kind or another; but always the love letter is a personal matter. No woman could endure a machine-made love letter. The charm of style, the delicate suggestiveness, must come from the very hand of the man beloved.

What could be more beautiful than these impassioned lines, so full of devotion, which Garibaldi sent to his wife at a time when the eyes of all Europe were upon him, and when every moment was precious:

"Your face, my little one, is with me every hour, encouraging and solacing me when my heart sinks low with fears of what may be. I thought I had

tasted all the sweetness of love's cup when I first embraced my Anita, the mother of my children, in a silence that was an ecstasy; but now I know that there are peaks higher than the Alps, and that there is a heaven higher and purer and sweeter than any I first explored in the ardor of youth. God keep you, my darling, and restore me to your arms."

Women of active and vigorous mind are usually endowed with pronounced sexual instincts, and are warm-hearted and affectionate, though there are such exceptions as George Sand and certain other French women of genius who, though irregular in their social relations, are yet incapable of anything like true and enduring love. The case is somewhat different with men. It is strange that so many intellectual men are physically incapacitated for married life. Ruskin, of whom mention has been made, was in some measure an illustration of what we have in mind. The case of Carlyle is also interesting in this connection. Perhaps Carlyle might have mended matters for himself and for his gifted wife as well, had he been able in early married life to place the hand of his wife in that of Edward Irving, who surely loved her and whose life might have been very different had he shared it with her. Cowper, the English poet, was beset by gentle attentions that would have been withheld had the real state of the case been known. And even John Stuart Mill, whose noble and beautiful love is celebrated in his own account of his life, loved with a love that was

beyond all doubt largely of the soul. Sterne declared that he "must always have a Dulcinea dancing in his head"; but it may be said with truth that for him no Dulcinea ever elsewhere long wooed him with "poetry of motion." In his cold and contracted heart there was scant space for terpsichorean charm of any kind. Sterne could write of love as few men could write, but of the thing itself he knew little. Balzac has been regarded as a man of loose life, but a large part of his licentiousness was on paper only. His libertinism, like that of Sterne, was mostly a matter of pen and ink. He coveted for himself, it would seem, what most men call shame, but the will was vastly ahead of the deed. Yet for all-in-all his life was, no doubt, far from being what good men and women like to contemplate. To writers such as we have described the dream of love is largely of the nature of literary capital. But it must not come too near to the man himself, nor may it become too real. Landor wrote what these believed, that "absence is the invisible and incorporeal mother of ideal beauty."

The violent passion of youth, when "Nature, red of tooth and fierce of claw, only looking to the perpetuation of the species, blindly drives men and women to each other with irresistible force," to employ the picturesque and strong words of Mr. T. P. O'Connor in a recent magazine article, is what we commonly call love. And yet this lower, though most essential, attraction

of the sexes, that our novelists and poets have so constantly in mind, is not love at all in the best sense of that word. Not infrequently the term stands for simple unadorned lust which, though it is not without its mission, is described with propriety only in medical and scientific works. No one will deny to George Sand rare talent, and we may say genius, for her gifts of insight and expression are marvellous. John Stuart Mill was not astray when he wrote: "As a specimen of purely artistic excellence, there is in all modern literature nothing superior to the prose of Madame Sand, whose style acts upon the nervous system like a symphony of Hayden or Mozart." Yet in the last analysis the stories of the gifted author of "Indiana" and "Mauprat" do not describe love. In them we have animal appetite and social revolt, but we look in vain through their pages for that enduring love which unites in one life—tender, self-sacrificing, and true—the single destiny of one man and the one woman of his choice. A few short tales like "Fadette" or "François the Waif" may not be open to criticism, but these only make more apparent the truth of what has been said by the sharp contrast which they present.

There was a singular propriety in Madame Dudevant's selection of a masculine name for her literary personality. She played a man's part. It was she who plotted the elopement, and captured the weak and willing Alfred de Musset. Hers was all the courage and determination.

With him she shared the demand for social and domestic liberty, but hers alone was the uncompromising purpose and the strong will. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Recognition," addressed to George Sand, gives us the close association of strong will with womanly passion and feeling; but it implies a conflict between the feminine nature and the assumed masculine rôle of which we discover no suggestion in the life of the woman.

"True genius, but true woman! dost deny
Thy woman's nature with a manly scorn,
And break away the gauds and armlets worn
By weaker women in captivity?
Ah, vain denial! that revolted cry
Is sobbed in by a woman's voice forlorn:
Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn,
Floats back dishevelled strength in agony,
Disproving thy man's name; and while before
The world thou burnest in a poet-fire,
We see thy woman-heart beat evermore
Through the large flame. Beat purer, heart,
and higher,
Till God unsex thee on the heavenly shore,
Where unincarnate spirits purely aspire."

While it is one of the chief purposes of marriage to transmit life and all that renders life desirable to future generations, such transmission is by no means the only end and intent of marriage. Doubtless two lives may be sometimes united to the advantage of both where there is not even a possibility of happiness, but it will be found that few men and hardly one woman will

be able long to endure the bondage of so unnatural a union. To the human heart happiness is the very breath of life. We may not be able to say with Pope that it is "our being's end and aim," but experience proves it to be an essential element in well-being. There have been noble characters matured in darkness, but for one such there have been thousands of stunted characters that came to their ruin through want of light. We must have some measure of happiness; without it the man is as a plant deprived of light. A happy home is no idle dream of the poet. In every age and land the heart of man demands it as an essential and supreme good. Domestic happiness may not be what Cowper calls it, "the only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall," but it certainly is that without which life must lose no small part of its value. Home is, or should be, the place of confidence, where there are no masks and no suspicions. In every language under the sun the human heart voices through some proverb its conscious need of, and its delight in, the domestic circle. It is said of an Englishman's house, "it is his castle"; and again they tell us that "home is always home, be it never so homely." The French proverb runs, "To every bird its nest is fair." The German cries, "East and West, the home is best." In many a Spanish rhyme we read that "the smoke of one's own house is better than the fire of another's."

The "Love Letters of Mary Wollstone-

craft," addressed to Gilbert Imlay, show us how love may blind at once both mind and heart. Imlay was a worthless voluptuary and a cruel sentimentalist who lived for the hour, with no thought of either responsibility or consequences. He had little to recommend him beyond good looks and a pleasing presence. Yet a woman of remarkable mind, noble and affectionate heart, and rare courage could so deceive herself with regard to his character as to render possible the astonishing letters that chronicle at once her shame and his worthlessness. With him for a time she lived, and with him she would have lived all her days had he been able to return in even a limited degree the wealth of noble passion and pure love which she so generously bestowed upon him. There were no legal ties to make him responsible for her maintenance and for that of her child and his. Had there been such ties her proud spirit would have scorned a support reluctantly rendered by a faithless lover; though it may be she would have thought it just and in every way right that a father should provide in some measure at least for the education of his own daughter. When Imlay began to forsake the noble woman whose love he had won, it was their child that sustained her failing confidence. She wrote him from Paris, where she was living without him:

"Since my arrival here, I have found the German lady of whom you have heard me speak. Her first child died in the month; but she has another about the age of my Fanny, a fine little creature. They

are still but contriving to live—earning their daily bread—yet, though they are but just above poverty, I envy them. She is a tender, affectionate mother—fatigued even by her attention. However, she has an affectionate husband in her turn, to render her care light and to share her pleasure.

“I will own to you that, feeling extreme tenderness for my little girl, I grow sad very often when I am playing with her, that you are not here to observe with me how her mind unfolds and her little heart becomes attached. These appear to me to be true pleasures—and still you suffer them to escape you, in search of what we may never enjoy.”

Mary Wollstonecraft was an idealist, but the men and women of whom this world has heard much and for whom it cherishes the largest admiration, have been found, not among the unimaginative and matter-of-fact toilers, but among the sons and daughters of inspiration. It is the “breath of their inspiration” that is “the life of each generation.” The Sacred Writer exclaims, “Where there is no vision, the people perish.” He had in mind, of course, things spiritual, but his statement holds good for the entire world of mental and ethical realities. The sentimental side of life is as real as is the commercial or the severely scientific; and equally real is the ideal. The materialist will have no universe he cannot put into a crucible and melt down, yet all around him is the beauty of another world—a beauty that challenges at every point the clear, cold and exacting analysis of physical science.

Of all the idealizing elements in our human economy love comes first and lingers longest. Certainly for the woman of whom we are now writing it wrought a marvellous transformation, changing common dross into pure gold; making from ordinary material a model of everything noble and of real worth in the possibilities of our human nature. Even positive proof of Imlay's infidelity led her not so much to blame him as to censure her own conduct. Her letters of love addressed to him are not unlike the letters of Heloise in their self-effacing devotion.

So has it been with the daughters of Eve from the very beginning of time; and so, no doubt, will it be so long as life endures. It was this same wonder-working love that made Bonnie Prince Charlie seem to the heart of Louise of Stolberg so worthy a man when certainly he was nothing of the kind. And yet, perhaps, she was not so greatly deceived after all; for it was with little or no difficulty that she later installed in her affections the brilliant but austere Alfieri. And no sooner was the poet gone from our earth than a sweet-tempered and lovable painter whose pictures no one will ever greatly covet stepped with proud assurance into that poet's place. The Countess of Albany did not break her heart over any of these. The Bonnie Prince was fifty-two and she was but twenty when the priest united them in a marriage with which Heaven had little to do. The marriage has been described as that of "a golden beauty with hazel eyes and a wild-rose

skin" to "a gaunt, elderly man of red, bloated face, made redder by the contrast of a white wig and the reflection from a crimson silk suit crossed with the Ribbon of the Garter." An older description of the Prince represents him as "dull, thick, silent-looking about the lips which were purplish, with pale-blue eyes tending to a watery greyiness, and having something inexpressibly sad, gloomy, helpless, vacant and debased in the whole face." Vernon Lee vouches for the later description, which is taken from a crayon portrait of the time and, no doubt, from life. The husband was jealous of his lovely wife of "golden beauty," and not without cause. It is not in the least surprising that when she awoke in the morning and found by her side a man drunk as only a Scotchman can be, she wished for a very different awakening and for the sweet embrace of another whose name, it may be, she even then knew only too well. The husband's savage jealousy became more exacting. Her room could be entered only through his, and he was insolent and vulgar enough to declare that he was "resolved that the succession should not be dubious." That she concerned herself little about his very inconsequent succession the sequel of her life makes clear. The fortunes of the House of Stuart became odious in her sight. Insult upon insult, crowned by a drunken attempt upon her unhappy life, broke the last link.¹

¹ "The Stuarts must not be allowed to die out!" was the cry of the French Ministry towards 1772. That House

A supreme affection means for most of us one true marriage, and one only. In this lies the secret of monogamy. Perhaps it is not quite true, though we have Lord Beaconsfield's word for it, that "to the man in love, the thought of another woman is uninteresting, if not repulsive"; but it certainly is true that a supreme affection which is the only right foundation for marriage means as well an exclusive affection. Love is the fire in this human life of ours whereat we warm our hearts, and so give them cheer in a world where there are so many things to distress and affright. Thus, in finer words, Mrs. Browning expresses this same thought:

"Yet love, mere love, is beautiful indeed,
 And worthy of acceptance. Fire is bright,
 Let temple burn, or flax! An equal light
 Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed.
 And love is fire; and when I say at need,
I love thee . . . mark . . . I love thee!
 in thy sight
 I stand transfigured, glorified aright,
 With conscience of the new rays that proceed

could be of service to France, for against England a Pretender would be a priceless weapon. But unless Charles Edward could be induced to marry, that House would most certainly die, for his brother had become a priest when he was father only of an illegitimate daughter. Charles Edward had always refused to marry, so a pension of forty thousand crowns was offered, and at once he married Louise, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Stolberg-Gedern, Prince of the Empire, who was killed in the battle of Leuthen.

Out of my face toward thine. There's nothing
low

In love, when love the lowest; meanest creatures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so;
And what I *feel* across the inferior features
Of what I *am*, doth flash itself, and show
How that great work of Love enhances Nature's."

The morganatic marriage is defined as a marriage in which one of the contracting persons is of a much higher rank than is the other, and in which it is agreed that the person of humbler station shall make no claim for himself or herself or for the children of such marriage upon the title, standing, or property of the person of more exalted rank. Thus defined, the morganatic marriage, though it may be a contemptible and unjust depriving of an honest wife of her natural rights and dignity as wife and a wronging of the children, is not of necessity what is in common phrase immoral. But the morganatic marriage is not infrequently a temporary union. The Prince, when the time arrives for him to enter upon the responsibility and dignity of sovereignty, must repudiate his morganatic family and marry a woman of a rank approaching his own. The first marriage (call it morganatic or what you will) is a true and real marriage, but the second is bigamous. It is a pitiful thing that a sovereign should be called upon to repudiate an affectionate wife, and children that look to him for name and place, in order that he may rule

over a nation that calls itself Christian. That adultery should be trusted to provide an heir for the throne where a pure and honest marriage is repudiated is a marvellous thing in this late age of the world's history. Even still more astonishing is the fact that distinguished prelates in a Christian church who insist upon the sacredness of the seventh commandment account their sovereign so far superior to their God that royalty may be allowed to set aside the sacred command without rebuke. These prelates assist at the coronation, and one of their number is, by virtue of his station, expected to place the crown upon the royal head.

The Archduke Francis, who will, in all probability, become the Emperor of Austria before many years, is united in morganatic marriage with the Countess Sophie Chotek de Chotkowa. She is represented as a very plain woman, but as a woman of great accomplishments and wonderful tact. A recent author described her as "sallow and scrawny," but he admitted her remarkable ability. She it was who changed the rollicking and roistering Prince into a serious, shrewd, and subtle man—into the hope of Austria. Mr. Alexander Powell, in the *Travel Magazine* for June, 1910, has this to say of the marvellous influence of this wonderful woman over the coming ruler of Austria:

"It was a reformed rake who knelt on the *prie dieux* in the little Reichstadt chapel to take the marriage vows. It was the subtlest diplomat in

Europe who rose to take his place in the shadows of the Imperial throne, there to pull the strings which control the utterances of statesmen, the movements of fleets and armies and the policies of nations. Already he has repainted the map of South-eastern Europe and set every Continental chancellery in an uproar. The empire is under his thumb as completely as Egypt was under that of Lord Cromer. He it was who tore up the Treaty of Berlin and, blowing the pieces in the faces of the signatory Powers, coolly annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina to the empire. It was he who backed up Ferdinand of Bulgaria in his successful revolt against Ottoman rule and he who stiffened the backbone of Austria in its belligerent reception of the Russian protests."

It is represented that the Archduke is devoted to his wife and children, and that he will never under any circumstances desert them. But we shall see of what stuff he is made when he is called to the sovereignty of his great country.

The Sacred Writer associates the vision of God with purity of heart in that wonderful beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Under the shadow of so gracious a promise there has grown up that noxious plant of priestly sowing known as Sacerdotal Celibacy. There is more in the name than is indicated, for the associating of sexual life with uncleanness is responsible for religious virgins and various kinds of unwholesome saints. These, and more like them, are men and women of polluted minds and hearts; they have no knowledge of the Divine

Vision that comes with love for God and a clean life. It was Gregory the Great who gave the Christian priesthood its first serious impulse in the direction of celibacy and who crowned virginity as a thing in itself peculiarly pleasing to a holy God. And this he did with the writings of the Apostle Paul open before him. In that Apostle's First Epistle to Timothy we read that a Bishop must be "the husband of one wife"—that is to say, "of *but* one wife," for in his day polygamy was common. This same Apostle warned the church that in the latter times seducing spirits should speak "lies in hypocrisy, having their consciences seared with a hot iron, forbidding to marry." There had been something of the kind among pagan peoples, and all the more readily, therefore, did the church, which in many places had directly succeeded heathenism, accommodate itself to the views and requirements of Gregory the Great and his coadjutors. But, nevertheless, celibacy of the clergy came very gradually. It was opposed to human nature, for everywhere and at all times men and women discover in each other the source of a common felicity. From the union of the sexes springs not only life itself, but that which gives to life all that is noblest and purest.

Celibacy was not actually imposed upon the clergy as a binding obligation before the time of Pope Hildebrand; and he, observing its harmful effect on the church, contemplated revoking his own order. His successors, however, insisted upon celi-

bacy, and as a natural consequence impurity soon prevailed. Those among the clergy who aspired to sacred honors embraced at once the single life, devoid of those domestic cares and duties that interfere with the pursuit of such rewards as are sought after by personal ambition. The power of the clergy was greatly increased. Nuns received the same veneration that had once clothed Vestals with sacred glory in the ardent imagination of ignorant people to whom nuns and other religious persons were often called to minister, and to whom they did minister with a self-abnegation and devotion strangely at variance with the greed of place and power so common at that time in religious circles. Everywhere there was a lowering of the standard of sexual morality, and a development of most degrading semi-religious pruriency. In the "Dialogues" of Gregory the Great, Ursinus, a priest, is represented as having lived an unnatural life; for forty years he dwelt with his wife as a brother might properly live with a sister, abstaining during the entire time from the nearer intimacy of married life. At last, when he was nigh unto death, his wife, moved by affection for one who was her husband in little else than name, and not being certain that he was still alive, placed her hand near his person. Instantly he shrank from her touch, exclaiming, "Get hence, woman!—a little fire remains—away with the straw!" Of Leo I. this monstrous falsehood is told: A woman, upon a certain occasion, kissed his hand, and he was so

inflamed by the touch of her lips that, to punish himself, he deliberately cut the hand off.

Instances of emasculation are very common in the chronicles of the saints. Origen submitted to mutilation, and he was sure he had Divine authority for his act. He found in the Gospel according to Matthew these words over which he brooded long, "There be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of Heaven's sake." Origen was a venerable father of the Church, a theologian, and a philosopher, and the author of valuable Commentaries on the Scriptures. Why should not his example be imitated? It was imitated, not only because religion seemed to approve, but because it fell in with a spirit of luxury as vile as it was sentimentally pious. Children were castrated to qualify them for singing in the Papal Choir. *Castrato* and *musico del Papa* were, in the minds of the common people, the same thing. "Because of their sacred wounds," said a wise doctor, "these blessed ones sing like the angels in Heaven." Later the art of castration was carried to perfection. Voltaire tells us that in his day the following words were to be seen at Naples over the doors of certain barbers, "*Qui fi castrano maravigliosamente i puti*"—"Here boys are castrated in a most admirable manner." This was certainly an improvement upon the self-castration of Origen. The fine soprano solos which charm the worshipers in Italian churches are sung by eunuchs. The opera-singer Velluti, whose musical performances

delighted all Europe, was, when a child, castrated for the choir of the Papal Chapel at Rome. Sometimes the devil was defeated in his machinations, but not always.

Evil spirits not infrequently appeared in the form and with the face of a woman. Such appearances were most deadly. When St. Pachomius and St. Palæmon were conversing together in the desert, a young monk, wild with anguish and terror, ran to them, and, falling down at their feet, declared that a woman of surpassing beauty had entered his cell and seduced him, after which she had miraculously vanished, leaving him well nigh dead upon the ground. Having told his tale of woe, he ran out into the desert and was seen no more. Another ending of the story is that the monk reached the next village, where he leaped into the open furnace connected with the public baths, and so perished. It was the old story, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." The anchorites, eremites, recluses and hermits of the ages of credulity lived an unnatural life of repression, and woman, that should have provided the sweetest companionship, furnished temptation only. The repression revenged itself upon these unclean aspirants for a spurious holiness. There is in Lecky's "History of European Morals" an eloquent and familiar passage that should not be passed over in treating of this subject:

"With such men, living such a life, visions and miracles were necessarily habitual. All the elements of hallucination were there. Ignorant and superstitious, believing as a matter of religious conviction that countless demons filled the air, attributing every fluctuation of his own temperament and every exceptional phenomenon in surrounding nature to spiritual agency; delirious too, from solitude and long-continued austerities, the hermit soon mistook for palpable realities the phantoms of his brain. In the ghastly gloom of the sepulchre, where, amid mouldering corpses, he took up his abode; in the long hours of the night of penance, when the desert wind sobbed around his lonely cell, and the cries of wild beasts were borne upon his ear,—visible forms of lust or terror appeared to haunt him, and strange dramas were enacted by those who were contending for his soul. An imagination strained to the utmost limit, acting upon a frame attenuated and diseased by macerations, produced bewildering psychological phenomena, paroxysms of conflicting passions, sudden alternations of joy and anguish, which he regarded as manifestly supernatural. Sometimes, in the very ecstasy of his devotion, the memory of old scenes would crowd upon his mind. The shady groves and soft voluptuous gardens of his native city would arise, and, kneeling alone upon the burning sand, he seemed to see around him the fair groups of dancing-girls, on whose warm, undulating limbs and wanton smiles his youthful eyes had too fondly dwelt. Sometimes his temptation sprang from remembered sounds. The sweet licentious songs of other days came floating on his ears, and his heart was thrilled with the passions of the past."

The life these men lived confused in their minds all distinction between purity and impurity. Shakspeare knew well the difference:

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain;
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, lust full of forgèd lies!"

Venus and Adonis.

Alp and Andes, the Rocky Mountains of North America and the Mountains of the Moon that are not in the moon at all, but in the tropical forests of Africa, from which they extend to the arid wastes of the Abyssinian Desert, have been pushed up from the central fires in the heart of the earth. So it is with our human nature. From the brutal and ferocious passions of wild animals we have come at length to the white snow-fields of a pure love that, seeing God, sees also what is Godlike in man, who is described as "the image of God." The most exalted love of which we are capable is rooted in something we do not like to contemplate. But is the pure heart less pure or less worthy of regard because of its mean beginning? It was Professor Huxley who said that speech was only so much transmuted mutton. Are then the songs of all the great singers who have charmed the world nothing but a little muscular tissue? Are all our virtues only transfigured vices? Does the law of the correlation of forces

apply as well to things spiritual? There have been those who maintained that the devout prayer of a gentle mother might be expressed in chemical terms were our instruments and processes sufficiently fine; but it is hard to believe that the beautiful poems, great paintings, and imperishable books are merely transmuted physical force and nothing more. It is true that under all the glory of the spiritual there is a coarse material, but the two are not the same. Love unites the pure in heart, and to them there comes the wonderful vision of God that had its rise, no doubt, through long ages of development, from those animal fires that underlie the entire world of living creatures; but snow-fields and central fires are not one and the same thing. A great change has come through the line of development, and the beast has in large measure retired; the man stands forth, the majestic creature he not only is, but is yet to become. There is something more than the correlation of forces in the making of Homer, Euclid, Dante, Luther, and Michael Angelo. The persistence, transmutability, and indestructibility of force will not fully explain these. Above the brutal passion that serves to perpetuate race and species, and that is sometimes cruel, and always selfish, there rises as the snowy mountain above the hot earth from which it springs, a love that, if not wholly unselfish, is yet noble, pure, and gentle when compared with its unattractive starting-place. Between these are many grades ranging all the way from animal

appetite to manly devotion and womanly affection. And above these again tower other heights that few tread, but that show to all how great are the possibilities of our human nature. There are angelic loves and loves celestial that lead up to a love no child of earth can ever fully understand, because it is Divine. "The glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another." There is a love that remakes the man, changing him into "the same image from glory unto glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord," until all the old is consumed and "the face shines as the sun and the raiment is white as the light." Beyond this no man may go, for the solitary heights, though they look down in blessing, invite not our human approach.

The dying Bunsen, looking into the eyes of his wife, who was bending over him, said, "In thy face I have seen the Eternal!" There are natures so rare and pure that they scarcely cloud the heavenly love that transfigures them. Through characters thus transparent we behold God. The dying Bunsen was not alone. Dr. Abbot inscribed this same vision of the heart upon the stone that marked his wife's grave. Mrs. Browning knew it well, and who has better described it than she in these lines from "Aurora Leigh":

"In that great square of the Santissima,
There drifted past him (scarcely marked enough
To move his comfortable island-scorn),
A train of priestly banners, cross and psalm,

The white-veiled, rose-crowned maidens holding
up

Tall tapers, weighty for such mists, aslant
To the blue luminous tremor of the air,
And letting drop the white wax as they went
To eat the bishop's wafer at the church;
From which long trail of chanting priests and
girls

A face flashed like a cymbal on his face,
And shook with silent clangor brain and heart,
Transfiguring him to music. Thus, even thus
He too received his sacramental gift
With eucharistic meanings; for he loved."

The supreme love of husband and wife, perfectly mated or nearly so, is in the nature of things religious; there is within it a spiritual element. The wafer of Divine Communion is not far removed from the "sacramental gift" of love. To this great truth other gifted ones beside Bunsen bear witness. Edwards saw it as a vision of transcendent spiritual beauty in the face of Sarah Pierrepont. The Girondist Roland, surrounded by the fierce political convulsions of his age, beheld it in the gaze of Jeanne Philipon. Everywhere and always the same spiritual yet passionate love clothes itself in the same spiritual beauty.

Parkman describes certain Indians who go through the form of marriage with their fish-nets. An Oriental writer describes the marriage of a Chinese lady to a beautiful vase covered with red flowers. The vase was a substitute for the son of a wealthy mandarin to whom she had been

engaged, and who died just before the contemplated marriage. She had vowed that she would never wed another man; and so, to keep her vow, she determined to "put herself out of the market" by marrying a piece of pottery. It is a custom with the Khatris, when a man has lost his second wife, to marry an Ak plant, so that when he takes another woman for his wife she may not die. These marriages are only methods of evading real marriage, for though some of the persons thus married do marry again, the most of them do not, and all of them are excused, if they so wish, from any future alliance. Even the man who marries the Ak plant that a third wife may not die, not infrequently neglects to find for himself the third wife.

It may be love between the sexes, especially in early life, has come to have in some measure a pathological cast because of the peculiar phenomena which it exhibits—its effect upon appetite, sleep, and occupation, as well as upon the voice and the senses. There is a somewhat humorous account of a young scion of nobility in the England of other days whose various passions so amused his tutor that that gentleman made, according to current tradition, a somewhat facetious report of them in their influence upon the young man's health, to the mother. The young nobleman was the Duke of Hamilton, and his tutor was a certain Dr. Moore, of whom we should never have known anything but for the loves of this most susceptible young Duke. The

Duke was eighteen and had just fallen a victim to a pair of black eyes that unfortunately belonged to a married lady. Dr. Moore made this most interesting report to the young man's mother:

"This is the third passion the duke has had since we crossed the sea. His various passions generally affect his appetite, and I can make a pretty good guess at the height of his love by the victuals he refuses to eat. A slight touch of love puts him immediately from legumes and all kinds of jardinaige. If it rises a degree higher he turns up his nose at fricassees and ragouts. Another degree and he will rather go to bed supperless than taste plain roasted veal or poulets of any sort. This is the utmost length to which his passion has ever come hitherto, for when he was at the court with Mlle. Marchenville, though she put him entirely from greens, ragouts and veal, yet she made no impression on his roast beef or mutton appetite. He fed plentifully upon these in spite of her charms. I intend to make a thermometer for the duke's passion with four degrees—(1) greens, (2) fricassees and ragouts, (3) roast veal and fowls, (4) plain roast mutton or beef—and if ever the mercury mounts as high as the last I shall think the case alarming."

Mr. Roosevelt and certain other ill-informed agitators have protested in season and out of season against an imaginary catastrophe which has received the name of "race suicide." It is represented that the intentional sterility of mod-

ern marriage endangers the continuance, at least in some parts of our world, of the human race. This protest against the circumscribing of the domestic circle is seconded by military authorities because they find it difficult where the family is small to obtain a sufficient number of young men for the army and for the navy. The census returns for 1900 show the population of France to be about 38,600,000, which is an increase of only 330,000 over 1896. To this small increase Paris and its suburbs gives 290,000, the greater part of which number is due to foreign immigrants, so that the rest of France gives an increase of only 40,000. This result when compared with the returns from England, Austria, Italy, and especially Germany, furnishes some cause for anxiety.

There is, however, another side to the so-called "race suicide" question. Mothers do not wish to feed the military glory of France, nor do they desire to feed that of any other nation with their own sons. The needs of the army and of the navy do not appeal to them under the circumstances named. The very fact that boys are wanted for such uses seems to them to furnish an excellent reason why boys should be hard to obtain. The old cry of patriotism with which the authorities were wont to fool the unwary has lost much of its power. Large families are not so desirable as are good ones; and good families are not so likely to be large. Woman's function is not simply to bear children, but also to rear

them; and that not as food for powder, but as the supporters of society and good government. I doubt if the world would be in any wise injured were no children to be born during the next three years. The earth is well populated in all those portions where life is possible without great hardship. The increased cost of living has a decided tendency to restrict the size and open-handedness of the family. Comparatively few men can afford to marry in early life unless the bride brings a generous bestowment in money, and so it has come to pass that the dowry is an actual necessity. This necessity, of course, increases with the increasing size of the family.

This unnatural state of things introduces no small amount of wrong thinking and feeling. The sacredness of the family is in a measure destroyed. Children are not welcomed where they should be anticipated with maternal affection. In France matrimonial sterilization is not unpopular. Zola tells his readers, in "Fécondité," that there are twenty thousand women in France who for purposes of their own have submitted to be unsexed. Statements to the same effect are made by Léon Daudet in "Les Morticoles," and by Camille Pert in "Les Florifères." These figures may be exaggerated, but the number is beyond all question large. The operation is held in favor not only because some women wish to escape the peril and burden of motherhood, but because in many cases the money is not sufficient for the requirements of a large family. A question arises

in this connection as to the right of parents to bring children into the world where there can be little or no hope of providing for them.

Havelock Ellis, in his "Sex in Relation to Society," calls attention to the resemblance between some of the *hetairæ* and many of the leaders in the "Woman's Rights Movement" of the present time. These women of ancient Greece would have been fascinating and wonderful in any country or age. We have come to regard the word *hetairæ* as the equivalent of "prostitute," because the relation which the more cultivated *hetairæ* sustained to the brilliant men of art, letters, and jurisprudence was in part sexual. The word *hetaira* means "friend" or "companion," and had in it at first nothing of a dishonorable nature. These women were in a sense the radical reformers of their day. Most of the women of Greece, and of all other countries at that time, were ignorant and held under great social restraint; but these women refused to be social puppets; they demanded place and influence. The only way at that time to obtain what they earnestly coveted and resolutely demanded was the one way, with all its unfortunate features, which they boldly took and ably pursued. Aspasia was a worthy representative of her class, both in the refinement and elevation of her mind and in the charm of her person. She was interested in whatever looked to the emancipation of her sex, and she used her wonderful influence with her distinguished "friends" in that direction. Læna was a woman

of the same class. Her name has been preserved because of her great service nobly rendered to her fellow-conspirators. She bit off her tongue so that no torture could make her reveal the names of those who were associated with her in a common plot. Thargelia accompanied Xerxes when he invaded Greece. Her talents and training were such that he engaged her to negotiate with the Court of Thessaly, and she with no difficulty captivated the king of that country, and married him. One of these brilliant women established at Athens a house that we in these days tolerate with averted face. But there was this remarkable difference between her establishment and the baser ones of our modern cities—she gave publicly lectures to her girls, and to their visitors as well. In these lectures she treated of rhetoric and philosophy, and her ability was such that Socrates, Alcibiades, Pericles and other distinguished men listened to her with delight, and often discussed with her questions of great importance to the State. It may be that she incited the war against Samos, and certainly she was a potent factor in the conflict with Megara. At last her power became so great that the virtuous women of Athens accused her before the Areopagus, and it was with difficulty that her life was saved; but it was saved, and the lectures continued. Hipparchia's career was equally remarkable. She was the Cynic philosopher's mistress, and succeeded Crates as a professor of the Cynic philosophy.

Bacchis, the dear friend of Hyperides, was presented, in token of her learning, with a costly necklace which was coveted by well nigh all the women of Athens. The one fragment of Hyperides which has survived the ravages of time is that eloquent man's oration over the remains of Bacchis. Greater than all these was Lais, the beautiful Sicilian. She was a slave when Apelles saw her carrying water which she had drawn from a well. He was captivated by her beauty, and bought her at once. He gave her an education, and day by day she advanced in learning until she was acknowledged to be the most brilliant woman in all the learned society of Greece. Then he freed her, and established her at Corinth with "a circle of lovely girls" of whom she was in charge. Hers was a house of prostitution, but it had a regular school where the arts and debauchery were both taught. To it came attractive pupils from Lesbos, Phœnicia, and the Islands of the Ægean. Lais rose to great fame and fortune. She spent her money freely in adorning the city, and the citizens wished to possess her statue. The sculptor Myron was given a commission to model "the woman of all women the most beautiful"; but when the artist came to study her charms he was himself so dazzled by them that, though he was old and infirm, he threw himself and all his earthly possessions at her feet. She spurned him and his gold. In no wise daunted, he repaired to a celebrated perfumer who dyed his hair and beard, and rejuvenated his

dilapidated person. Thus tricked out, he renewed his suit only to be again repulsed. She called him an old fool, and such beyond all question he certainly was. But with all her haughty magnificence, Lais had no power to prevent Time from despoiling her of her beauty. The merciless years wrinkled her brow and frosted her hair, and there was no perfumer who could do more for her than an other and more seasonable one had done for her once spurned would-be lover. Her money faded away with her charms, and all we know of her old age is learned from Epicrates, who represents her as a drunken hag wandering about the Corinth that once desired to plant her statue in its public square, seeking to sell for a pittance what once vast sums were wont to purchase. Perhaps in those bitter days she remembered how once in the height of her splendor Xenocrates won his wager and successfully resisted her though she displayed her every charm. From his side she rose with the cry, "I wagered to rouse a man, not a statue!" Plato derided her ruined beauty when she was old with these cruel lines:

"Once at Greece proud Lais mocked,—
With gay lovers laughed all day;
Now these lovers come no more,
Mirth and song are passed away.
Venus, take this glass from me,
Since I old and wrinkled grow;
What I am I would not see,
What I shall be would not know."¹

¹ *Marvin*: "Flowers of Song from Many Lands," p. 85.

Phryne was wiser in her day and generation, for she was less prodigal of her beauty. Thus it was she preserved to the last both her fortune and her fame. Her wealth, all of it won by evil ways, was fabulous; so great was it that when Alexander destroyed Thebes, she offered to rebuild the city if the citizens would commemorate her generosity. She did not ask a statue; all she demanded was an inscription. This the citizens of Thebes refused, though the fair courtesan had numbered among her lovers the most gifted men of her day. Hyperides the orator, Apelles the painter, and Praxiteles the sculptor were among her acknowledged lovers. It was to her Praxiteles gave the crowning work of his genius—his Cupid. Both he and Apelles reproduced in all the glory of their faultless art the naked beauty of Phryne. Story, himself a sculptor of rare grace and charm, knew by an artistic instinct what was the sweet delight Praxiteles felt when he turned to Phryne, who stood by his side, and said, "See! It is done; and forever your lovely face and form, my Phryne, shall live in marble for all the ages to view." Story has shaped the scene in verse:

"A thousand silent years ago,
The twilight, faint and pale,
Was drawing o'er the sunset-glow
Its soft and shadowy veil,

When from his work the sculptor stayed
His hand, and, turned to one

Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said, with a sigh, ' 'Tis done.

'Thus much is saved from chance and change,
That waits for me and thee;
Thus much—how little!—from the range
Of Death and Destiny.

'Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay,—
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay:

'But there thy smile, for centuries,
On marble lips shall live,—
For art can grant what love denies,
And fix the fugitive.

'Sad thought! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust,
When the quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I are dust!

'When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
And love is like a tune that's played,
And life a tale that's told,

'This senseless stone, so coldly fair,
That love nor life can warm,
The same enchanting look shall wear,
The same enchanting form.

'Its peace no sorrow shall destroy;
Its beauty age shall spare;

The bitterness of vanished joy,
The wearing waste of care.

'And there, upon that silent face,
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity;

'And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved,—
"So smiled upon Praxiteles
The Phryne whom he loved."'"

Praxiteles flourished about 352–336 B. C., in the age of Philip and Demosthenes. His technical skill was something wonderful: "The limbs of his figures were so soft that you seemed to see the pulse of life and the quivering muscle." Not before his time did Aphrodite put off her drapery, but when he appeared she showed herself naked. Two old Greek lines which I have, in my "Flowers of Song," rendered into English run thus:

"Paris has seen me naked, Anchises and Adonis too,
But when did the great Praxiteles my undraped
beauty view?"

Why should she enquire? Was her surprise, then, so great? The Princess Borghese, who was no saint, sat to Canova for a model, and being asked if she did not feel a little uncomfortable, answered, "No, there was a fire in the room." Perhaps Aphrodite was trifling even

as was the beautiful sister of Bonaparte. What Paris may have known, or what may have been the relation of the goddess to Anchises or Adonis, concerns us little; but Praxiteles knew her, at least in marble, too well for us to share her feigned surprise.

Notwithstanding the decadent condition of Greek life there were those who regarded the undraped form as harmful, and who with Gyges (Herodotus I, 8) held that "with her clothes a woman puts off her modesty." The early chaster idea passed gradually to the freer until the painter Polygnotus first painted women with transparent garments. It was not difficult then for Phidias to place the lad Pantarkes tying his head with a fillet (Pausanias 5, II) near his Homeric Zeus, even though it was well known that the lad was a boy-favorite of Phidias, for the sexual violation of boys came to be an everyday affair with the Greeks.

Who was Phryne? She was a poor girl of Thespiæ who, because of her great beauty, had become enormously rich at the expense of the finest culture of the land and the age. At Delphi her statue was placed by the side of that of King Philip of Macedon. A philosopher, seeing it there, exclaimed, "Behold a consecrated gift of the wantonness of the Greeks." Overbeck views the matter in a different light, for he tells us that "Praxiteles understood very well how to express a more delicate perception: the

goddess in the woman.”¹ By that I understand an ability to spiritualize the material form, which does not seem to me so wonderful. Every lover does as much in his mind if he be a pure man. Every noble love transforms and adorns. It gives both insight to the artist and a new beauty to what he would adorn. The Greeks worshipped material beauty; and the gods also, it would seem, were wild over this same kind of human splendor, for they snatched Ganymede, who was the fairest of mortals, and on that Trojan youth poured out all the joy of their glorious life. It was beauty, and that alone, that made one fit to dwell with the gods. The Greeks were, however, all wrong in their theory of the nude in art. It is the adorned and partly concealed, and not the entirely undraped form, that acts as an excitant to the sexual instinct. Artists’ models know this, and account themselves safe when entirely nude. The authoress of “Studies of the Human Form” tells her readers that it was her practice to disrobe as soon after entering the artist’s studio as possible. The evil-minded men and women who in large cities conduct vile exhibitions for money understand this matter. The Cyprians of Paris and New York are in long skirts.

An early commentator on Genesis makes the Fall of Man to be a sexual catastrophe. Adam,

¹ “Geschichte der Griechischen Plastik,” 1870, Vol. 2, p. 35.

we are informed, represented the mind, and Eve stood for the sensual nature. It was contended that before the creation of Eve, the first man Adam contained in his person both sexes. It was the coming of Eve that introduced sin. The life of Adam was purely intellectual until Eve was created; he was occupied with knowledge to the entire neglect of his body. With his death the race must disappear. Therefore, in order to provide for the continuance of the human race, God made also the woman. God divided the two sexes in the man, taking from his rib the sexual part of his nature, and forming from it Eve. Then it was the two sexes became conscious, and, the one knowing of the other's presence, they both realized that they were naked. Only when the race became aware of its sexual function and destiny could it arrive at any feeling of its need for covering. Later that feeling of nakedness and of need for covering was overcome and put away by the bodily nature represented in Eve; but the intellectual nature which finds its representative in Adam has always contended for the reserve and propriety of garments. As the intellect must rule the passions, so must the man command the woman. Thus some of the old-time commentators expounded the problem of sex. There are a number of Oriental couplets of more than ordinary interest that set forth the beginning of sex, and, because these are peculiarly apropos, I venture to add

yet this one translation from my "Flowers of Song from Many Lands."

"From dead and senseless earth Almighty God
created man:

But woman made He from man's body by diviner
plan.

And thus on earth began the wondrous miracle of
sex,

The human heart to fill with joy, the empty head
to vex.

Man was the first in dim creation's dark and an-
cient line;

But woman is the softer, sweeter, clearer, more
divine.

The Lord from inorganic earth made man for toil
and strife,

And moulded then from living clay young Adam's
lovely wife."

Of course any excursion into Oriental regions must lead us far from the present field of investigation. The study of Latin and Greek contributions to the subject in hand covers all the ground necessary. The sexual perversity and as well the moral triumphs of those great lands from which we derive so much of our language, and so much also of all that is supremely good in literature, must suffice. There is but little that concerns us that may not be studied to advantage in the history and literature

of the lands of Virgil and Homer. The belief entertained by some that those mines of wisdom are now well nigh exhausted is a mistaken one, for they are still rich in all that pleases imagination and delights the mature judgment.

John Nevizan recounted in his "Nuptial Grove" thirty-four essentials to womanly beauty; and without these, so he tells us, no woman may be called perfect. All these our author declares were the possession of Helen. Her beauty caused other women to hate her, which will not seem strange when one considers how anxious are women to excel in beauty of person and charm of manner. Of her lovers we need say little. Their names and exploits are known to all, and are the themes of song and story. The poets understood her character, and never hesitated in describing her. The land of Sandalion got its name from Helen's sandal, which she lost in that place when she fled from Paris, who would have forced her. Her "willing mind," of which Ovid sings, does not seem to have injured her in the eyes of the men and women of her day.¹ They made her a goddess, and raised to her fame and glory a temple, beneath which (so Pausanius tells us) both Menelaus and Helen were buried. This does not, however, comport

¹ "One Theseus (if I hit the name) before
Had borne this fair one from her native shore.
Theseus was young: and can you think the dame
Return'd a virgin from so fierce a flame?
Call it a rape; yet Helen sure was kind:
Repeated rapes betray a willing mind."

with the story that she was hanged by the paid servants of a woman whose husband had been slain in the Trojan war. After she had become divine many fables about her were invented. It was represented that Nemesis, being impregnated by Jupiter, laid an egg, and that Leda, finding this egg, sat on it and hatched Castor, Pollux, and Helen. A rival fable represents Nemesis to have laid an egg; Mercury took the egg, carried it to Lacedæmon, and placed it in Leda's bosom. Thus came the fair Helen; and this was the reason that Leda adopted her as her daughter.

Helen is made to say in Euripides that Juno, to punish Paris for not giving her the victory in the contest of beauty between Helen and herself, deprived him of Helen. But she was, after all, not so cruel as to leave him wholly without consolation, for she gave him a living image of Helen which was formed of the air, and which could in every way dissemble and imitate the beautiful daughter of Tyndarus.

"Juno enrag'd at loss of beauty's prize,
Robb'd Priam's son of me, his promis'd bride,
And in my stead gave him an airy phantom,
Bearing my semblance. And this the cheated boy
Press'd to his breast, thinking he me enjoy'd.
Vain thought!"

Paris can hardly be said to have been punished, for he was well pleased with the phantom, and found it impossible to distinguish it from the true Helen. But the Trojans, not knowing

the one Helen from the other, were sometimes pleased with the woman and sometimes with the image, and so after angry words they came to blows.

I am in no wise surprised at the exploits of Paris, but I have always been amazed at the infatuation of Demosthenes. That most illustrious orator fell desperately in love with the beautiful but disreputable Lais, and so great was the passionate folly of the man that he made a journey to Corinth upon an errand of his own in no wise creditable to his learning and to his gray hairs. Aristippus, who is described as "a very genteel and polite man," and who was certainly a man of great wit and elegant manners, counted himself also among her lovers. He was not, however, sentimental, for when he was told that the courtesan did not love him, he said, "Wine and fish do not love me, and yet I feed on them with pleasure." But Lais, with all her beauty and accomplishments, was in no wise what would be called "squeamish," for among her followers was Diogenes surnamed the Cynic. The extreme indecency of this man may be doubted, but he was not the kind of a person whose society one of delicate tastes could long enjoy. I do not know whether it is true or only a very good story that he lived in a tub, but for the brief time he lived with Lais he was most decidedly in need of a bath. He is represented as having a torn or patched cloak, a greasy beard, and no shirt.

That the Emperor Caligula entertained his horse at supper, and introduced the animal to the most distinguished men of the day as his friend and guest, seems to us a strange and monstrous thing; but it certainly was not so astonishing as was the apotheosis of the prostitute Lamia, the depth of whose infamy is indicated by her name. A king lifted her from the street, and placed her beside him upon the throne. To provide a present for his mistress he taxed Athens a sum equal to \$250,000 in our money; and the citizens not only paid it, but builded for her a temple when she had been deified as Venus Lamia. Think of this, and then let the mind contemplate the pure love of Darius, the last king of the Persians, for his wife. Call to mind his prayer to the gods for the success of Alexander, who was his enemy, because Alexander did not slay that wife when she was in his power, but treated her with the utmost courtesy.

Reflect upon Tiberius Gracchus and his wife Cornelia. She, when a widow, refused a king because the ashes of her husband pressed too heavily upon her heart. Let the mind dwell upon Dominicus Catalusius, Prince of Lesbos, and his leprous wife. Though disease had deformed her face and made her presence repulsive to others, he still encircled her with the tenderest love of a husband. Nor would he be deterred from her society by any fear of contagion. Consider the heroic love of Arria, the wife of

Cæcina Pætus, celebrated in Martial's Epigram. When her husband was condemned to die by his own hand, seeing that he hesitated, she seized the dagger and plunged it into her own breast. Then, withdrawing it, she presented it to her husband, saying with a smile, "It is not painful, Pætus."

"When to her husband Arria gave the steel,
Which from her chaste, her bleeding breast she
drew,
She said: 'My Pætus, this I do not feel,
But, oh! the wound that must be given by
you!'"

"How sweet to the soul of man," said Hierocles, "is the society of a beloved wife! When wearied and broken down by the labors of the day, her endearments soothe, her tender cares restore him. The solitudes and anxieties and heavier misfortunes of life are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic vexations at the same time to contend with. But how much lighter do they seem, when, after his necessary vocations are over, he returns to his home and finds there a partner of all his griefs and troubles, who takes, for his sake, her share of domestic labor upon her, and soothes the anguish of his soul by her comfort and participation." When one comes upon words like these from the dim and lonely past, how can he doubt that in ancient Greece and Rome the same tender love made domestic

life pure and beautiful, even as we find it to be to-day in Christian England and America? Euripides shows us in his "Alcestis" that long ago as now there was that in a pure and true love between the sexes that could sanctify the little cares of life, and that could help men to bear with fortitude the more distressing ills of human existence. The story of Pætus and Arria is only another part of the same noble and touching revelation.

There is a Supreme Affection that is not only pure, but that creates purity by its very presence. With contempt it gazes, when gaze it must, upon the evil infamy of lust and brutal appetite. It is an Affection worthy alone to be called Love. Resplendent with the golden light of the City not builded with hands, it wears upon its brow the ineffable smile of its Creator.

We are now come to the end of our journey, and must bid adieu alike to the bright and beautiful spirits that have made the way delightful, and to those dark presences whose records are painful to contemplate. Their names are in history, but where are they themselves? They are gone from a world that can never forget them. Long, long ago Villon mused as we are now musing, and in his lovely "Ballade of Dead Ladies" he asked the same question that we have asked. We can make no better conclusion to our excursion than the one we have already at hand in Rossetti's translation of Villon's "Ballade" :

"Tell me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,
Neither of them the fairer woman?
Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
Only heard on river and mere,—
She whose beauty was more than hu-
man?
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloïse, the learned nun,
For whose sake Abéillard, I ween,
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
(From love he won such dule and teen!)
And where, I pray you, is the Queen
Who willed that Buridan should steer
Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine?
But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
With a voice like any mermaid,—
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
And Ermengarde the lady of Maine,—
And that good Joan whom Englishmen
At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—
Mother of God, where are they then?
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Save with thus much for an overword,—
But where are the snows of yester-year?"

II

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR

“The Master said, ‘It is virtuous manners which constitute the excellence of a neighborhood.’ ”

—*Confucius.*

“Fellow Citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln.”

—*From an Address by Lincoln.*

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR

I ONCE knew, long years ago, a man of large wealth who lived in a modest house in a quiet little village. His home contained rare books and delightful pictures, but these he did not idolize, nor did he make any selfish use of them. He was not what is commonly called a book-worm, for his chief satisfaction in life was not a matter of books but of men. He was loved by all, and no man envied his good fortune. The poor were drawn to him by many acts of courtesy and kindness. Young men assembled in his library to converse with him about literature, art, and the humanities. They felt the enthusiasm of his spirit, and were in a measure transformed by the adoption of his ideals. Places of evil-resort disappeared because they could not thrive under his disapproval. The village fathers, influenced by his public spirit, became aware of the neglected condition of the streets and of the town hall. Everywhere men were set to work digging sewers and relaying bricks and stones in long-neglected sidewalks. A course of lectures brought distinguished men and women to the village. Emerson discoursed in the Congregational church, and late into the evening conversed with the young people of the village beneath our good neighbor's roof, endeavoring to awaken in their minds a generous delight in noble things. Two weekly papers,

the one Republican and the other Democratic, for years expressed, in not over decorous phrases, certain very decided opinions with regard to each other, but they both underwent a marvellous change of heart, and, though they continued to favor different political measures, they revised their vocabularies and laid hold of the olive branch. There had been a vulgar strife between a Presbyterian church and a rival Episcopal church situated on the next block. Both were agreed in only one thing—a hearty disapproval of the Unitarian church which fronted the town hall and was exasperatingly prosperous. Under the strong and kindly influence of the good neighbor, the old religious (or irreligious) animosity and sectarian bigotry faded out, and the three churches united in a public effort to improve the condition of the poor and to reshingle the leaky roof of the village school. A free circulating library resulted from our friend's personal effort and generous subscription. The cemetery, a mile north of the village, had been neglected. At his suggestion a new fence was builded, the walks were regraveled, and certain headstones that had fallen were replaced. Ancient inscriptions, well nigh illegible through age, were recut, and sunken graves were remounded. Now a village improvement society, of which he was founder and first president, cares for the sacred field where “the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,” and the cemetery has be-

come a beautiful park in which men and women delight to walk of a summer evening.

The life of the good man (he likes best to be called "the good neighbor") has been quiet and inconspicuous, but it has accomplished much. With the large fortune which he inherited he might have builded himself a palace in some gay and brilliant city; he might have purchased a swift and luxurious yacht; he might have wasted time in vulgar indolence or in vicious self-indulgence at Saratoga or Newport; he might have missed the pure delight and noble service of the worthy life he lived. Had he inherited wealth when a very young man it is more than likely an automobile would have seemed to him a thing more to be desired than the love and respect of his fellowmen; or that the gratification of political ambition would have had for him a charm beyond his power to resist. As it was, wealth came in early mid-life, after much reading, some religious experience, and a few years of calm and thoughtful study of social needs and possibilities. He asked himself the question, "How can I use to the greatest advantage for myself and others the little life that for so brief a season I may call my own?" He answered the question thus, "By so identifying my life with that of my race as to live over and over again in the ennobled lives of my fellowmen." I am reminded of the high and holy ambition of George Eliot:

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues—so to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order, that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man."

Human life is brief, and before its days are actually numbered its vigor and zest are exhausted. Yet its possibilities are immense. The great achievements of history are rooted in single lives. The unselfish life alone endures.

There dwelt years ago in Amesbury, Massachusetts, another man who was celebrated as a good neighbor. His name was Henry Taylor, and he was a friend of the poet Whittier. The best account we have of Taylor's life was written by Whittier for a village paper. Unlike the other neighbor of whom I have written, Henry Taylor had little money, though he had enough to keep him from want. He was not a man of affairs. On the contrary, he was a mystic and dreamer who led the quiet and simple life of an unlettered workingman. He was no scholar, nor yet was he a great reader. Mr. Whittier thinks Taylor's entire library did not contain more than

eight or ten books, among which were a volume of Emerson's Essays, Alger's "Poetry of the Orient," and a copy of the New Testament. Whittier loaned him a copy of Plato which he read with pleasure but did not care to retain. The New Testament was his constant companion. The words of Jesus were always with him, but his understanding of them was different from that of the surrounding Christian world. His religion was one of absolute quietude; Whittier describes it as "a religion of ineffable calm blown over by no winds of hope or fear." He had no anxiety about either the present or the future. To him the material universe was an unreal but beautiful pageant. He believed that he had already attained unto "the rest that remaineth for the people of God," and which he identified with the Oriental Nirvana. Yet Henry Taylor was in every way a good neighbor. He was kindness itself. He was wise and far-sighted in judgment and advice. He had a passion for helping men. The calmness of his life was contagious. The tones of his voice were reassuring. Men in desperate straits came to him and were dissuaded from suicide; they unburdened their consciences in his presence; they even sought at his hand absolution; and from his quiet home they returned to the world with new hope and courage. He was never morose or despondent. Trouble, sickness and death could not appal him. He seemed to take frightened souls into his bosom. It is said that the dying

lost all fear of death in his presence. His dwelling became a temple; and to hundreds of his fellow men he was something more than a priest. Whatever may be thought of his philosophy, no one will deny that his life was beautiful.

There are as many kinds of neighbors as there are men and women, and we have room for all. God never created two mountains of the same height, nor did He ever make two rivers of precisely the same length. There is nothing like sameness in the thought of God. Uniformity is a sort of blasphemy. We should preserve and cultivate personal traits and even eccentricities. Losing these, we fall back into the common stock of nature out of which we were taken. The matter-of-fact neighbor was after the Lord's own heart, but none the less was Heaven pleased with the mystic and dreamer.

It is not so much by what we do that men are helped as by what we are. Words and deeds are discounted, but the man himself remains and becomes an indisputable fact of which no argument can dispose. He gives significance to the universe, and from his thinking all things derive shape and color. It was not what the mystic and dreamer of Amesbury had of earthly goods that made him a kind and useful neighbor. He had little to give apart from what he was in himself. "Do you know, sir, that I am worth a million sterling?" said a great capitalist to John Bright. "Yes, sir, and I know that it is all you are worth," replied the distinguished

commoner. The man with his million sterling was worth little indeed. "Silver and gold have I none," exclaimed an apostle, "but such as I have give I thee." What he had was worth more than money.

Man is at his best in society, and apart from some form of society he degenerates, unless, indeed, he be one of those rare specimens of his race that, like certain flowers of the desert, thrive in solitude. There are men who should dwell apart from the world, and who can help their fellows only from a distance. Not many such are to be found within the narrow space of a single generation, but the long history of the centuries records the names of a multitude of brilliant men and women who were recluses. Solitude is not always "the country of the unhappy." It has been even the delight of not a few. Cowper sighed for "a lodge in some vast wilderness." Audubon was happy alone with his rifle in the forest. Thoreau was equally happy in his log house by Walden water. "I lose half of my soul in losing solitude," wrote Maurice de Guerin. Again he wrote, "My God, close my eyes; keep me from the sight of the multitude." The brothers of La Trappe find silence and solitude quite to their minds. "In this world," said Schopenhauer, "there is much that is very bad, but the worst thing in it is society." Yet notwithstanding all this and much more, it is still true that it is not good for most men to be alone. Comte was not astray when he wrote,

"He deserved not to be born who thinks he was born for himself alone." Even the few men and women who were made for solitude still lived, if they were of noble nature, not for themselves alone, but for others. In most of us the old savage reappears when once we cease to touch shoulders and keep step. It is ours to render society, from which few can be safely removed, not only tolerable but attractive and helpful. Here comes in the benign office of the good neighbor who need not be the intimate friend of all, but who must be the agreeable companion of some, and a wholesome life-giving presence to many. My neighbor is not merely the man or woman whose house adjoins mine. Not space but social proximity has to do with the making of the neighbor. There must be first of all human qualities that "shew a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity." Not oneness of opinion, but breadth of sympathy is essential. No faith, religious or political, can be good for a man when once it begins to separate him from his race. Religion means, "again I bind." We are bound to God only by "the cords of a man." "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindermost," means something even worse than savage life. Nothing but "universal social cohesion" prevents the devil from taking every one of us.

In every small district there is likely to be some gentle spirit that finds delight in Nature—delight not only for self, but for others as well.

Many of our American cities lose their urban character as they distance the great business centres and gradually merge themselves into the surrounding districts. The suburbs are not always pleasant; in many cases they are very unattractive. But there are outlying regions that closely adjoin the city, and that unite in themselves the conveniences of city life and the free, wholesome, rural spirit, and all the delights of country living. In such neighborhoods as well as in villages far removed from large and thriving cities there are gentle souls that live close to the fields and the woods, and that are always on good terms with the birds and with animals, both wild and domestic. Perhaps Pine Hills, which is only a semi-rural district in the City of Albany, is in some measure such a neighborhood. It was more rural when first I knew it and made under its overhanging trees my quiet home; but it has about it even now the scent of the not-far-away woods, and all day you may hear the song of birds, while through the long Autumn nights the crickets make the darkness well nigh as musical as are the warm Spring days with the glad carol of numberless birds. To some the cricket's note is sad music, but I like to hear it. It has in it, I know, a touch of melancholy rendered even more tender and lonely by the enfolding darkness, but there is also about it a sense of peace and repose that is not far removed from calm and restful slumber. I am fond of the sounds of Nature; they soothe and comfort the soul as

nothing else, unless it be the thought of God, can.

In my little world of Pine Hills I have a kind neighbor who is neighbor also to the birds, and who is most of all the friend of the children. These he gathers in classes, and with them he scours the fields and woods, not to shoot, and snare, and trap, but to study as Thoreau studied nature, with neither fish-line, nor shot-gun, nor any other device of the devil. Henry A. Slack has made a charming little book about the Pine Hills birds as he knows them, and he knows them well. I have in my library many nature books, but there are among them few that I more highly prize than his book about his feathered friends. To help us to understand Nature may, so it seems to me, be one of the offices of a good neighbor. Life is for most of us quite too mechanical and conventional. Under our feet are the hard stones, all around us rise the great walls of brick and cement, and over head vast clouds of smoke and dust obscure the sun by day and the stars by night. We can ill afford to lose the soothing, cleansing, and uplifting influence of Nature. Our friend and neighbor who has helped us to understand bird-life is doing more than most of us know to preserve the young from the temptations of life in the city. He is surely helping us to enjoy the pleasures of earth and sky. I doubt not we are all of us better men, women and children for the sweet

and gracious intercourse we enjoy with country life.

The silent and unconscious influence of a man of real force in any neighborhood is greater than is commonly supposed. The subtle power of personal presence extends in every direction, and refuses to die with the man who set it in motion. Strong men impress others not alone by their opinions and by what they say and do, but by even their trivial mannerisms that seem so unimportant. You cannot imprison a man's influence. You may load the man with chains, but that marvellous something that proceeds from him, and that is in a way a part of him, walks free. And think of the lasting, far-reaching and mysterious influence some men bring to bear upon the world through their writings; and that not in one generation alone, but in many. How certain books reach out beyond the immediate present and grasp the distant future! Biographies like those of Schleiermacher, Bunsen, Jeremy Taylor, Schiller, and Richter coerce the imagination and give prevailing character to conscience. The "Life of Henry Martyn" is supplying new recruits to missionary forces all over the world; and the supply is even larger than it was when the book was still a recent publication. Mrs. Oliphant will live in good accomplished so long as men read her "Life of Edward Irving." Who can measure the influence exerted by the author of a superior manual

of devotion; such a manual, for instance, as Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying" or Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ?" Richard Baxter wrote a book that gave life to the soul of Philip Doddridge; Doddridge awakened William Wilberforce; Wilberforce moved the spirit and fired the tongue of Thomas Chalmers. Rousseau was never more alive than he is to-day in his marvellous yet humiliating "Confessions." Behind the American Declaration of Independence one may see, if he will, that man's "Social Contract." So it comes to pass that neighborliness, like every other relation in life, extends in all directions and to regions far away. "It is commonly believed," wrote Swedenborg, "that a brother or a kinsman is more a neighbor than a stranger, and a fellow-countryman than a foreigner; but birth does not make one person more a neighbor than another, not even a father or a mother, nor education, nor kin nor country. Every one is a neighbor according to his goodness, be he Greek or Gentile."

There is for every one of us an invisible and intangible life that is not less real because removed from the world of sense. We live in the lives of others; in what others are and wish to be; in the subtle influences which they diffuse, and by which we are in a measure guided and controlled. Organic ties bind us together. Common hopes and interests make us to be a community. Even the little child of but a few

months, perhaps of but a few days only, cannot die without having made some contribution to this common life. Through an impression made upon the mother the child places its little hand, it may be, upon the entire world and upon long ages. Sometimes the dead accomplish more than the living. Here we touch what may be called a neighborliness of the soul. I think George Eliot had in mind this thought when she wrote those noble lines about "the choir invisible" already quoted, and with which every serious reader is familiar.

III

SILENCE

"The eternal silence underlies all the noise and tumult of life as the green earth beneath sustains the forests that shade its surface."

—*Archæologia.*

Οὐκ ἔστι κρείττον τοῦ σιωπᾶν οὐδὲ ἔν.

—*Amphis.*

SILENCE

HOW beautiful is the quiet falling of the snow. All the long day that magnificent display goes on, and then, with countless stars in the silent heavens, night comes down folding in its restful darkness the spectral landscape. Early morning adds to the white expanse its crimson and gold, and behold, the new-born splendor becomes a thing no human language may even remotely describe. Gravity and cohesion keep the heavenly bodies in their celestial orbits and hold revolving worlds together, yet are they silent as the descending snow and invisible as the air we breathe. The resistless forces of Nature in the hazy warmth of a midsummer noon lift thousands of tons of water from river and ocean, bear the glistening drops far above the highest mountains, and deposit them in the reservoirs of the clouds. The entire process goes on before our eyes in unbroken silence. In early spring millions upon millions of buds burst into fragrance and beauty without a sound, so that one might lodge in May or June in the very heart of a forest and hear only the hum of an insect, the tread of a rabbit in the brush, or the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops. The wild rage of a fool might be heard miles away; the contending of many fools in battle might be heard a much greater distance; but God rolls this earth, twenty-five thousand miles in

circumference, over the viewless carpet of space with less noise than a cricket makes on the hearth at night. Amid all our confusion and discord He moves with a serenity that means power and a gentleness that means love.

"Into the darkness and hush of night
 Slowly the landscape sinks, and fades away,
 And with it fade the phantoms of the day,
The ghosts of men and things, that haunt the light.
The crowd, the clamor, the pursuit, the flight,
 The unprofitable splendor and display,
 The agitations, and the cares that prey
Upon our hearts, all vanish out of sight.
The better life begins; the world no more
 Molests us; all its records we erase
 From the dull commonplace-book of our lives,
That like a palimpsest is written o'er
With trivial incidents of time and space,
 And lo! the ideal, hidden beneath, revives."

A wise man said, "To destroy you must replace." The way to be rid of ugliness is to introduce beauty. To make an end of noise one should cultivate music. Music is sound, but it is not noise. Noise is confused, hard, mixed, dull, and non-elastic, while music is harmonious and will carry much further than mere noise. The sounds of Nature are, most of them, reproduced in human language. The word "roar," forcibly pronounced, suggests the rolling and tumbling of the billows. Words like "dash," "splash," "crush," and "crack" furnish instances in which the sound of the word brings before the mind the

meaning to be conveyed. Some words are in themselves musical, and the pronouncing of them is always a sort of singing, even when they are being used in the most prosaic conversation. Words of the kind have few consonants, but are rich in vowels. The Italian language, because of the prevalence of vowels, is the best for musical purposes. This vowel supremacy has acted upon the national taste and thought, and so Italy has become famous for its distinguished composers and for its great singers. Children should be early subjected to the influence of good music. It will go far toward the development of grace and dignity. It will open the mind to the love of beauty, and will render the entire man gentle and considerate. It is now being used upon the insane, and some physicians think with good results.

Words suggest colors, and there are those who believe that they suggest also forms. One calls to mind the answer of the blind man, who, on being asked what idea he had of scarlet, replied that it was like the sound of a trumpet. The theory of sound as connected with musical instruments has been classified thus:

WIND INSTRUMENTS.

TROMBONE . . . DEEP RED.	FLUTE SKY BLUE.
TRUMPET SCARLET.	DIAPASON DEEP BLUE.
CLARINET . . . ORANGE.	DOUBLE DIAPASON . PURPLE.
OBOE YELLOW.	HORN VIOLET.
BASSOON (ALTO) DEEP YELLOW.	

STRINGED INSTRUMENTS.

VIOLIN	PINK.	VOLONCELLO	RED.
VIOLA	ROSE.	DOUBLE BASS. .	DEEP CRIM- SON RED.

There is known to scientific men, and especially to physicians, a disorder called "synesthesia." It is a curious disorder or derangement so rare as to be practically unknown to the ordinary practitioner. It is described as a defect in the development of cortical centers, which are not so widely separated from each other but that their offices may be in some measure confused. That is to say, a stimulus imparted to the retina, for instance, may fail of confining itself, where this defect is found, to the visual centers, but may influence as well the adjoining ganglia. Thus it sometimes comes to pass that, where this peculiar disorder named synesthesia is present, one may be said to actually hear color. The same sound, affecting, as it should not, the neighboring ganglia, causes a sense of color or of some shadings of color. In a case investigated a few years ago a locomotive whistle imparted a golden yellow to the entire landscape. In still another case, the tones of a piano gave a spectrum from black in the bass to white in the upper keys, with a spectrum in between. There have been a few cases of confusion of colors with odors; and in one distressing case the various sensations were wholly confused, odors, tastes, and sounds being hopelessly mixed, so that the person thus afflicted

could be said to hear colors, see sounds, and taste odors.

The effect of color upon the feelings when sounds harmonious to them are made is exceedingly interesting. The sound of the village clock at night-fall, the chirp of insects in early evening, the ripple of the mountain stream, and the wind in the darkness of night—all these gentle sounds suggest each its own color. The sound of the Falls of Niagara has been called “an appalling sound”—at night it suggests darkness more dense than that of midnight.

Poetry has a varied sound to the mental ear, and what that sound shall be is determined by surrounding scenery and circumstances. Think of the exquisite sweetness and tender emotion that gather about lines like these, sung in the evening twilight on the bosom of a lake, or on some overhanging cliff with a little village far in the distance, from which the evening bells sound faintly:

“Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!”¹

The mental ear has much to do with the quality of sound and with its real meaning for the man who listens with receptive heart. This the poet knew right well when he wrote:

¹ *Moore*: “Those Evening Bells.”

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play
on,—
Not to the sensual ear, but more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone." ¹

Noise is destructive of calmness. The great books of the world, nearly all of them, were the outcome of quiet hours. The tumultuous stream is seldom deep, nor are tumultuous men any more profound. It is also true that the noisy man is usually indifferent to the quality of his work. It may not be possible to determine the precise relationship of the one to the other, but we cannot fail of seeing in all our study of the world, whether of long ago or of to-day, the existence of that relationship. Peace is written upon the forefront of all high endeavor and great achievement. Quietness of soul a man must have if he would give enduring value to his work. So beautiful is much of the best literature of ancient Greece that we forget how commonplace was the ordinary life of the lower orders of the Greek people. Professor Sterrett of Amherst, who was a long time in Athens, and who was an enthusiast in the study of the early classics, has discovered that the Parthenon is doomed. Why? The builders of that structure, the architectural beauty of which charms the world, employed first-class marble wherever the eye could see it, but where the eye could not see it only the cheapest and

¹ *Keats*: "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

poorest material was made use of. To-day those magnificent ruins speak from the silence of centuries, and all who will may hear their story of early dishonesty. The Greek workmen of two thousand and more years ago were no better than the workmen of the age in which we live. Dwelling in the presence of marvellous beauty, they absorbed but little of what it had to give them. They had no conception of the glory they blindly wrought at the behest of others.

"Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone,"¹

but her pride might be less did she realize what dishonesty was in the heart of those builders. They lacked vision to see the greater beauty that inheres in probity. Juvenal saw it when he wrote these lines in his Third Satire:

"A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race,
Of torrent tongue and never-blushing face;
A Protean tribe, one knows not what to call,
Which shifts to every form, and shines in all:
Grammarian, painter, augur, rhetorician,
Rope-dancer, conjuror, fiddler, and physician,
All trades his own, your hungry Greekling
counts."

Were those workmen worse than the workmen of to-day? No, they were quite as good as are the toilers we employ. Perhaps they were better than the workers of the present time. But, never-

¹ Emerson: "The Problem."

theless, they made the Temple of their God, the glory of the Acropolis, which was built under the administration of Pericles and under the supervision of Phidias, to be the depository of an age-long lie. The life of the noisy, turbulent, careless, and more or less dishonest Greek work-ing-man was a very different thing from the serene and tranquil existence of the man higher up. It is so with us to-day. The few have the leisure that seems essential to the nobler forms of culture, and to the quietness of both temper and life that are a part of culture. We idealize men and manners; and we idealize also out of all recognition remote ages. The cry to-day is for the wisdom of the majority. But all such wisdom may be safely accounted folly. Two and three thousand years ago the best the world had was from and with the few, and it is so to-day.

Think for one moment of the immeasurable loquacity of this great world of clamorous people, shouting, vituperating, debating, preaching, and making love in every conceivable language day and night, and year in and year out. What a useless and even pernicious clatter is shot out into the air in every direction like wireless messages. Who can count the sermons, many of them inane, that go up from all kinds of pulpits, and in which all kinds of doctrines are proved and disproved? Think of the political speeches, most of which are lies. Even the rear platforms of Pullman coaches are now utilized by vociferous disturbers of the peace as though screaming loco-

motive-engines and rattling car-wheels did not make sufficient noise. Think of a man who could travel around the country stirring up the crowd to take an interest in himself and in his magazine by making a racket with his mouth. What a way to advertise a magazine or a paper! Suppose all the magazines in the land were to send out vociferous representatives to create a hubbub destructive alike of sanity and physical health. Under such tumult and outcry men's minds and nerves must deteriorate.

Perhaps the physician is the man to whom we should look for suggestions calculated to abate the nuisance of which we write, and from which we in common with thousands suffer. Dr. H. A. Boyce, the superintendent of the Kingston General Hospital and one of the leading physicians of Canada, while abroad visited an institution where patients suffering from nervous disorders are cared for. He tells us in a paper which he read at a meeting of the Canadian Hospital Association held in Montreal on March 25, 1910, and which was printed in the *Medical Record* of September 10, 1910, that what most impressed him in the institution he visited was the care taken to secure freedom from all unnecessary noises. He was requested while in the building to modulate his voice so that the patients might not be disturbed. He said among other things, in speaking of certain American hospitals for the care of persons afflicted with diseases of the nervous system:

"A friend of mine who was a patient in one of the largest hospitals in one of the largest cities of this continent, a hospital that deservedly enjoys a continental reputation, told me that its associations to her would always be crystallized in its personification of not only perpetual motion, but noisy perpetual motion. When this is the impression given by one of the best institutions what must be that made by the rank and file."

My own experience runs in the same direction. We are a noisy nation. In all our streets are motor cars of every imaginable kind, making every sort of a noise from a faint whisper to a roar. They bellow, yell, shriek, and groan. All night you may hear them in the streets, and not a chauffeur or car-owner can be found who has the slightest regard for the rights of others. But, after all has been said, it still remains true that no sound is so cruel and evil in its results as is the untutored and unrestrained human voice. I have sometimes thought it might be in every way a blessing, were it only agreeable to public feeling, could the vocal organs of the worst offenders be extirpated. Think of the relief it would bring to this world were the entire race of stump-speakers deprived of that instrument of torture our anatomists call the larynx. The heavy mortality might be urged as an objection, but even this some of us could view with equanimity.

If we ever succeed in suppressing the rude and barbarous sounds that render life in large cities

uncomfortable and even dangerous to health, it must be with the coöperation of physicians and men of scholarly temper and attainments. In the Dutch city of Utrecht there is what is believed to be an absolutely noiseproof room. Heretofore it was Professor Wilhelm Wundt, of the psychological laboratory of Leipsig, who had come nearest to the scientific elimination of all sound from an inclosed space, but Professor Zwaardemaker, of Utrecht University, has gone one step further and he has communicated details of his achievement to the Amsterdam Royal Academy of Science.

For an absolutely noiseproof room it is essential not only that no sound shall penetrate it from without, but also that it shall resist sound propagation, reflection and refraction within. The first problem is comparatively easy to solve. The walls of Professor Zwaardemaker's room consist of six layers alternately of wood, cork and sand. There are two spaces, one between the second and the third layer and one between the fourth and fifth, from which the air has been extracted. The inner walls are of porous stone covered with a kind of horsehair cloth known as trichopiese, a Belgian invention which is sound-resisting and is widely used in Belgium in telephone booths. The walls are pierced by acoustically isolated leaden rods. The roof is composed of layers of lead, wood, asphalt, paper, sea grass and cork. The floor is of marble and is covered with a thickly woven Smyrna carpet.

An unsympathetic writer said, in describing the apartment: "A tomblike silence forever reigns in this elaborate room, which will be used only for clinical studies." In truth, the room is one pleasant to be in whether for rest or for study; and the time will surely come when in all our large cities such rooms will be found.

Gross materialism is at the foundation of no small part of the noise we encounter in the everyday living of the average man. The general tendency of materialism is in the direction of coarseness and rudeness: the coarse and rude are usually clamorous and tumultuous. Men who care nothing for the arts care no more for the amenities. They see no reason why one who is able to storm the world should ever think of attacking it in any other way. They are unable to understand why an able-bodied man should interest himself in things that call for delicacy and fineness of perception.

Imagination is as essential to civilization as are firmness and endurance. Without it you may have strong men, but they will be savages. One savage will make more noise than a thousand gentlemen, but with all his noise the poor savage is only a savage and nothing more. George William Curtis wrote, "Until we know why the rose is sweet, or the dew drop pure, or the rainbow beautiful, we cannot know why the poet is the best benefactor of society. The soldier fights for his native land, but the poet touches that land with the charm that makes it worth fighting for."

The finer elements give value to life. Not the man who shouts himself hoarse over some popular idol, but the man who in silence and alone pierces to the core of things is the real man, and he will endure when all the empty drum-heads no more resound.

Neither fine personal culture nor yet anything resembling the best there is in art is likely to come of a republic. The rule of the average man, who is without other training than that which comes of a daily struggle with the hard necessities of life, will be marked by the noise and tumult by which he has been all his days surrounded. You might as well expect an uneducated man to paint a great picture as to bring into existence and sustain noble and enduring institutions. The rude clamor of vulgar strife for such poor returns as must always engage the attention of untutored men, can produce only self-exploitation and political chaos.

Emerson said no truer thing than this, "The gentleman and lady make no noise." Fineness of touch indicates fineness of feeling. When John O'Keeffe described a fellow author as "all puff, rattle, squeak, and ding-dong," he described under the figure of a steamboat making final preparation for the voyage, an ill-bred and bad-mannered man wanting that ultimate efflorescence of civilization we call culture. Nothing meaner was ever said of Thomas Moore than this that Arthur Symonds said: "Moore's trot, gallop, and jingle of verse has, no doubt, its skill and its

merit; but its skill is not seldom that of the circus-rider, and its merit no more than to have gone the due number of times around the ring without slackening speed." When a man needlessly slams the door, making every panel rattle and every nerve in my body frantic, I know without further evidence that I am in the presence of a rude fellow from whom I shall do well to escape so soon as possible.

The new machine not yet perfected is noisy; when the machine shall have become sufficiently improved it will accomplish more and do its work in a better way, but there will be no more of the old-time clatter of its badly adjusted parts. It is so also with these human machines. Schopenhauer had all this in mind when he wrote: "I have ever been of opinion that the amount of noise a man can support with equanimity is in inverse proportion to his mental powers, and may be taken, therefore, as a measure of intellect generally. If I hear a dog barking for hours on the threshold of a house, I know well enough what kind of brains I may expect from its inhabitants."

To a thoughtful mind the silence of Nature is even more impressive than are the convulsions and tornadoes that startle and affright. The untrained imagination is filled with surprise and wonder when fierce winds lash the ocean into wild and ungoverned fury; but to poet and artist the serene glory of sunrise and the gentle approach of evening twilight present an attrac-

tion quite as pleasing as are the more exceptional displays of natural force. In the great world of human life of which we are a part the same thing is true. To a finely attuned temper and a cultivated mind there is an impressiveness in the silence of the right man at the right time that no display of passion can equal. The silence of our Saviour not only surprised Peter, but impresses and will always impress men by the fine eloquence of its rebuke. "Study to be quiet," wrote an apostle. Few of us, with all our study, have yet acquired much of that Divine skill. Even into our worship we have introduced a self-assertion that savors of self-will; we have invented pomps and splendors that belittle in the minds of men the greater majesty of Heaven. It may be that those who call themselves "Friends" have in the simplicity of their manners and worship made religion unattractive and divested it of a beauty that might well belong to it; but it is also true that in our gorgeous rituals and ostentatious services we have lost sight of that spiritual beauty which is described in the Sacred Writings as "the beauty of holiness," and for the cultivation of which old-fashioned meditation and aloneness-with-God are essential. Our sermons are too often mere displays of learning and eloquence. Our prayers lack reverence and sincerity. Our sacred songs are frequently only musical exercises so arranged as to display the excellent voices in the choir-loft. We who know so little have so much to say to God

that we have neither inclination nor time to attend to the things He would say to us. "Silence," wrote Carlyle, "is deep as Eternity, speech is shallow as Time." Before his day the Swiss said, "*Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden.*" Our best thoughts come of silence, without some measure of which we can never be anything but fools. How then, can a wise man delight in noise?

There is that in noise which belittles a man, and renders him vulgar and offensive. Children make a noise in order that they may attract attention. It is an early display of the "old Adam" of egotism. For the same reason "children of a larger growth" remain children all their days. Vulgar persons cannot be still one moment unless they are fast asleep. Culture differs from rudeness in this, that it puts the man in possession of himself, gives him self-control and quiet habits. The largest part of every man remains unused for the reason that the man does not possess very much of himself. He is an unreclaimed morass upon which no substantial structure may be builded. Yet men see that training is a beautiful thing, and they would have it appear to their neighbors that they have come to possess it. But no one will mistake the noisy appurtenances that are displayed for the gold and silver of that noble refinement which the ancients likened to a rose. That flower was consecrated to Harpocrates, the god of silence; and to the men of early days it was a symbol of

peace and quietness. Suspended over the table at a banquet, the Romans regarded it as a guarantee that nothing said by the guests would be elsewhere repeated. To noise about what was said *sub rosa* was a gross betrayal of confidence. So also the rose came to be carved above confessionals in many parts of Europe to show how strict should be the privacy observed; how silent the priest should remain into whose ear so many secrets are breathed. Over the urns that contained the ashes of their dead they scattered the sacred flower as a symbol of the silence and peace of that last sleep which they called "the rest." Drummond, the Scotch poet, often spoke of the rose as an emblem of that long repose for which he sighed; and he requested that upon the stone over his grave might be carved these lines:

"Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometimes
grace

The murmuring Esk:—may roses shade the
place."

I have often wished there might be established in our turbulent United States a Society of the Rose (*Centifolia*, I should say) for the cultivation of silence. There was once such a society at Amadan, in Persia, and of it Zeb, the Eastern philosopher, has left a lovely story which has been rendered into English by Madame de La-tour:

"The Society (it was called an Academy) had the following rules: Its members must think much,

write a little, and be as silent as possible. The learned Zeb, celebrated through all the East, finding that there was a vacancy in the Society, endeavored to obtain it for himself, but arrived, unfortunately, too late. The Society was annoyed because it had given to power what belonged to merit; and the president, not knowing how to express a refusal without mortifying the assembly, caused a cup to be brought which he filled so full of water that a single drop more would have made it run over. The wise philosopher understood by that emblem that no place remained for him, and was retiring sadly when he perceived a rose petal at his feet. At that sight he took courage, seized the petal, and placed it so delicately on the water that not a drop escaped. At this ingenious allusion to the rules of the Society the whole assembly arose, and, gazing with delight upon the wise man, signified to him their acceptance of him as a fellow member. Not a word was said, but all was understood."

There are indications that the authorities in some of our large cities are beginning to realize their responsibility in the matter of unnecessary noise. There have been instances in which the municipal authorities have stopped certain night noises in the neighborhood of hospitals. Such an instance occurred in Birmingham, England, a few years ago, when the city clock near the hospital, which loudly chimed each quarter of the hour to the distraction and hurt of the patients, was not permitted to sound its notes in the night hours.

There is now in the City of New York "The Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise" which, though it has existed only four years, is doing effective work. Some of the noises made by steamboats are useless, and a few of these have been suppressed in the harbor of New York. "Hospital streets" have had warning signs posted near them, requesting that as little noise as possible be made in the neighborhood. School children have been instructed by the agents of the Society in the gentle art of quietness, which is only the art of generous consideration for others. It is to be hoped that at no distant day the Society will succeed in suppressing the horrible and in every way obnoxious Fourth of July racket, thus reducing the number of casualties which at present it is appalling to contemplate.

Dr. Forbes Winslow was in his day, which was not so very long ago, a distinguished specialist in disorders of the mind and diseases of the nervous system. Because I refer in this paper to the opinion of another physician I feel the more free to quote here the words of Dr. Winslow even though I know that to some of my readers what he has to say must appear extravagant. Thus he wrote a short time before his death:

"By a simple arithmetical calculation it can be shown the exact year when there will be more insane persons in the world than sane. We are gradually approaching, with the decadence of youth, near proximity to a nation of madmen. An insane world is looked forward to by me with certainty in

the not far distant future. The human race is degenerating."

What noisy turbulence a world-wide lunatic asylum would bring with it! I cannot share Dr. Winslow's fear, nor can I look forward to a time when our human race will go stark mad. But I believe, with Dr. Winslow, that in many places our race has degenerated; and no one can doubt, I think, that the race is capable of still greater degeneration. We as a nation are now experimenting with the theories of the brilliant and fantastic Rousseau—theories expressed in many places, but more especially in his famous book, "The Social Contract." It would have been much better for our world had the Frenchman stuck to his watch-making, and left philosophy to others; though, in truth, his "Confessions" is a human document of no little value to mature and thoughtful minds. His theory of government has done, and will continue to do, much harm. The common people, untrained and in every way unfit to exercise the functions of government, are trusted with all the complicated and difficult machinery of the State. They are now at work with vast noise and wild enthusiasm on the fool's experiment of self-government. What will come of it? Well, something very like the turbulence of Dr. Winslow's world-asylum. One may hear even now something of its noise. Plato was wiser than our witty Frenchman. This is what he has to say, or rather what he makes Socrates say:

"Citizens . . . you are brothers, yet God has framed you differently. Some of you have the power of command, and these he has composed of gold, wherefore also they have the greatest honor; others of silver, to be auxiliaries; others again, who are to be husbandmen and craftsmen, he has made of brass and iron; and the species will generally be preserved in the children. But as you are of the same original family, a golden parent will sometimes have a silver son, or a silver parent a golden son. And God proclaims to the rulers, as a first principle, that before all they should watch over their offspring, and see what elements mingle with their nature; for if the son of a golden or silver parent has an admixture of brass and iron, then Nature orders a transposition of ranks, and the eye of the ruler must not be pitiful towards his child because he has to descend in the scale and become a husbandman or an artisan; just as there may be others sprung from the artisan class, who are raised to honor, and become guardians and auxiliaries. For an oracle says that when a man of brass or iron guards the State, it will then be destroyed."

This is royal wisdom come down from distant ages, but there is a Divine Wisdom even more ancient in the words of the Preacher: "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child." Woe unto whatever land is ruled by brass and iron. A Latin line too often quoted tells us that the voice of the people is that of God. It is nothing of the kind. Counting noses will give us no Divine Wisdom.

Religion owes as much to silence as silence owes

to it. It was only when the Patriarch was surrounded by silence that he could hear the voice of God. "Commune with your heart," wrote the Psalmist, "and be still." "Be still," said the Eternal, "and know that I am God." How many eremites and holy men have sought the knowledge of God, not in schools and books, but in the stillness of their own hearts. The history of the Christian Church is full of beautiful instances of the acquirement of the knowledge of divine things, not by the rude clamor of discussion, but by the cultivation of a quiet spirit. Our Saviour sought the silence of the hills, and was all night in prayer that He might thus refresh his soul and acquire strength for the great mission of His wonderful and blessed life. And what humanizing and civilizing results have come to the world through these seasons and lives of silence and solitude. Alone in caves and desert places the Sacred Scriptures and the ancient classics were translated into living languages that men could read. Some of these recluses were themselves gentle and inspiring poets whose words have comforted and instructed the hearts of men in all succeeding ages.

Saint Simeon, the hermit, who was born in Aleppo, where with wealthy and distinguished parents he passed his youth, was a noble instance of literary as well as of spiritual devotion. When a young man he went to Alexandria, where after only six years of study he became one of the learned men of the world. It was in Alexandria

that he found the new faith and became a Christian. Every effort was made to prevent him from going into the desert, but nothing could shake his determination. He lived many years on a rugged cliff over-hanging the banks of the Euphrates. Alone he thought and prayed, and composed some of the most lovely lines of verse that have come down to us from the past. One sees at once his love of solitude and silence in his poem, "The Sabbath Morning." He sings:

"Sweet Sabbath morning!—On my wakeful ear
No eager voices rush; all is still here!
Save when some early songster, singing near,
Comes to delight me, warbling strong and clear."

It was not unbroken silence that this saint insisted upon, for to him the bird-song was pleasing. He longed for and sought stillness of the soul: the same stillness the Friends or Quakers, so unlike him in faith, hold to be essential to spiritual growth.

This sense of need that leads the anchorite to seek some measure of silence is not peculiar to those who receive the Christian faith. There are thousands of Buddhist monks and hermits in India who place greater emphasis upon the importance of silence than do Christian hermits. Oriental literature is full of devout and mystical poems that recommend and call for quietness of spirit. The Buddha was himself a religious recluse, though he had his disciples, and associated in some measure with his fellow men. The quiet-

ness of all God's operations as compared with those of His creatures is a favorite theme with Eastern poets. Thus sings an Oriental mystic:

"In silence wise men oft great things have to perfection brought;
And fools as oft have made a most tremendous noise for naught.

The mighty sky-wheel rolls about its axis without sound:

The weaver's rickety spool rattles its clattering course around.

This wooden bobbin only a small piece of linen yields:

That azure one with starry veil o'erspreads heaven's boundless fields."

Mohammed was a child of solitude and silence. His visions came to him when he was far out on the desert. It was there, surrounded by natural desolation, that he discovered the spiritual desolation of his time and country. On wild and lonely Mount Hara, near Mecca, he received his first revelation, and from that deserted and remote elevation he went forth proclaiming to an idolatrous world the One God of Islamism.

Apuleius tells us, in his "Golden Ass," that he was able to pray to the Goddess Isis because of the silence of the night. The great prayers of all ages and of all religions have demanded tranquillity of spirit; they were possible only in the hush of a calm and undisturbed temper to

which the stillness of surrounding nature in many cases contributed much. Prayer is the very heart of religion. There can be no religion without this inner communion of the soul with God. What is called "natural religion" is, in so far as it is prayerless, no religion at all. Religion without prayer is only philosophy, and has nothing whatever to do with the deep places of spiritual experience. Can anyone think of such prayers as those of Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Saint Bernard, Loyola, Fox, Wesley, and George Müller in connection with natural religion? Great achievements are born of a deep serenity of the soul. Our Saviour was most of the time during the evenings of the last week of his life alone. He sought the silence of mountain and wilderness, and wandered about among the olive-groves and the gardens, his soul coming into closer and closer relations with the Heavenly Father. Max Müller calls religion "a perception of the Infinite." Herbert Spencer tells us that religion is "awe in the presence of the majesty of an inscrutable power in the universe." Dr. Lyman Abbott has, I think, come even closer to the meaning of the word; he tells us that "religion is the play of the Infinite on the finite in the moral realm." Is it not "the life of God in the soul of man?" And is not that life one of repose in light, of which serenity is an essential element?

The material that seems so substantial passes away; only the things that pertain to the spiritual nature endure. Tyre and Sidon were cities

of wealth and splendor; they bought and sold, and their streets were lined with stately palaces:—

“Where now are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre?”

The poet answers his own question:

“There is no habitation; the mansions are defaced.
No mariners of Sidon unfurl your mighty sails;
No workmen fell the fir-trees that grow in
Shenir’s vales,
And Bashan’s oaks that boasted a thousand years
of sun,
Or hew the masts of cedar on frosty Lebanon.”

Athens taught the world, and to-day the world acknowledges her supremacy. The Parthenon is but a ruin, yet the Greek spirit lives, and will live so long as men are ruled by the mind and not by the body. “Still Greece is queen: still Greece is goddess. A counting house passes away: a school remains. What man or city lives by bread alone must perish.”

But while it is true that the things of the mind come first and are of the greater importance; while it is true that the poet’s prayer that God would give, were it only for a brief season, a mind “crystal clear as the blue sky” is a worthy one, still it is a great mistake to educate at random. It is a grave error to so educate young men and young women that they must be forever after unhappy in the humble places they are called to fill. Education alone will confer neither recti-

tude nor happiness. It is not true that knowledge is power at all times and in all places. It has rendered many a man both weak and miserable. We all remember the story of the blacksmith. His eyes were opened to the risks he was incurring in his impromptu and rude surgical operations, and never again could he be persuaded to do the work he had been so ready to do before he had been taught the nature and possible results of those surgical operations. Festus said to Paul, "Much learning doth make thee mad." He was mistaken, and yet beyond all doubt much learning has more than once overthrown reason. There are too many helps upward, and not enough methods of getting rid of the ignorant and worthless. Huxley is right in advising us to take away artificial props. Let the stupid and incompetent descend. So long as labor-unions and unions of various kinds can secure for good and bad work the same compensation there will be no good work of any kind.

Thousands of young men have no use for "higher education." To them such education is not a blessing but a curse. The training should be fitted to the station in life. We are in no pressing need of poets, artists, and songsters. Hundreds of men are starving in all three callings. We want good mechanics, and men who are able and willing to work in useful occupations. But republican institutions are not favorable to service of any kind. Where all are equal no man or woman is willing to be a servant. The very

name is despised. The cook, the chambermaid, and the laundress are insulted when you describe them as servants. The ash-man has become transmogrified into an ash-gentleman, and the saleswoman must be addressed as saleslady.

We are a rude and noisy nation, self-assertive, over-fond of the dollar, and impatient of delay in arriving at results. No doubt we have stalwart virtues and many generous instincts, but we are a young nation, and have the faults of youth, with some other faults that are not peculiar to early life. If we ever come to anything like the culture of older nations it must be through the same channel of escape of which they availed themselves. As there are, as has been pointed out, many words in our language that by their sound suggest their meaning, so there are words that by their derivation suggest the spirit that gave them currency. Our word "hurrah," which some derive from one root and some from another, has been thought to mean etymologically "to whirl." There is a sense of rotary motion in the sound of the word. Later research derives it from a Turkish term, meaning "to kill." It is in reality a battle-cry, full of sound and fury. In the days of the Crusades the shout "hurrah" betokened and presaged dire slaughter. What a word it is that we as a people have adopted to signify national enthusiasm and public applause. Compare it with the gentle "banzai" (success) of the Japanese. When I was in Germany I was astonished at the great love of art, and especially of

music, which the people at all times manifested. The arts go together. Music leads on to architecture, and these two are never far away from painting and sculpture. We as a nation have accomplished little with any of the fine arts. We shall never accomplish much with them unless we acquire a more tranquil spirit.

Music, though a fine art, and closely related to all the fine arts, is still in a way very different from painting and sculpture, as Professor Jules Combarieu has pointed out in his "Music, its Laws and Evolution."

"Music is the only popular art. It draws its substance from social life, as a plant draws its substance from the soil into which its roots plunge. There is no popular painting, no popular sculpture. Architecture is too complicated an art, too loaded with technical knowledge and archæology, and too much subjected to the prejudices of luxury or to special needs, to be the spontaneous product of a community. To music alone, and to its younger sister, poetry, belongs this privilege.

"Such are the principles we shall elucidate when reviewing different peoples and ages. Taking as our basis the first proposition, that *music is the art of thinking in sounds*, we shall reserve to ourselves the right of adding this, which is founded on observation: *Musical thought is the manifestation of a general and deep instinct, more or less hidden, but everywhere recognizable in humanity.*"

After the above statement we have this summary:

"Music—a synthesis of sounds not to be confused with purely sonorous phenomena—has a meaning untranslatable into verbal language; it is formed by a thought without concepts, rhythmically constructed, of which we cannot anywhere find the equivalent."

Referring again to the subject of music, it is worth while to remember in this connection the part music plays in the expression of the emotions. Music is the modern method of giving utterance to whatever is finest in feeling and in the emotions. It was through plastic art that the ancients voiced the deep experiences, the hopes, desires, and forebodings of the human heart. The mediæval world made use of painting for the same end. Each art has its own peculiar excellence, but of them all music is certainly the finest,—the most ethereal and delicate. The finer the physical organization, the more offensive the corruption that takes place in that organization after death. The decay of a human body is much more loathsome than is the disintegration of the body of one of the lower animals. So is it also with the arts. The finer the art, the more distressing is its degradation. President Lowell of Harvard University thinks that in the United States music is suffering a progressive degeneration. He said in an address before the Music Teachers' National Association in the winter of 1910, at Boston:

"One can hardly fail to be struck by the progressive degeneration of the popular taste in music.

We have music—good music. The taste of cultivated people in Boston has been immensely helped by the Symphony Orchestra. But what I refer to is the popular taste in music. This means not only the great mass, but even educated people who make no pretense of knowing music.”

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“Our people are totally deficient in the power of expressing any of the finer qualities of emotion in common. Their effort takes a conventional form which is barren, meagre and poor. The most effective and natural form of expressing emotion is music. The place of real expression of emotion at alumni dinners has been taken by organized cheering. That shows that men who have the highest education we can give are wholly lacking in those more delicate qualities of expressing emotion.

“I speak advisedly when I say progressive degeneration. For thirty years expression has become shallower and feebler. There was practically no cheering when I was in college. If we are right in saying that music is the natural form of expressing emotion at the present day, this present condition of music is a sign that educated people as a rule have no emotions that are worth expressing or that they are signally deficient in the art of expressing emotion. The latter, I think, is true.”

To plunder music of its sweet and gracious ministry to the finer side of man's nature is to rob the heart of one of its greatest treasures. It is to defile a sacred thing. Rude and vulgar songs that catch the ear, and that require no cultivation of any kind, are the foes of all good

music. President Lowell said in the address from which we have already quoted:

"One of the saddest things is to go into a gathering of college men or even alumni and hear the kind of music they have at their dinners. It is ragtime and ragtime of very poor quality. They seem to care very little for good music. What they want is a catchy song, something they can join in after exhausting their voices in organized cheering. Of all the means of expressing emotion, organized cheering is the worst from every point of view. It is bad for the throat for one thing. It has less modulation, less means of expressing degrees and varieties of emotion of any kind than any other form of expression except a fog horn."

Every word in the above paragraph is true. Could any concurrence of tuneful sounds be more rude than is the variety called, most fittingly, "rag-time" music? Think of a hundred or more young men from a university or a seminary of learning of whatever kind giving expression to their feelings in music of that sort. Think of those young men screaming out in shrill tones the "college yell," which is nothing but a succession of meaningless noises; brutal sound suggestive of animal excitement and nothing more. The uneducated human voice, whether displayed in "rag-time" songs, the college yell, the Indian war-whoop, or in those strident tones that mark the low-born everywhere, is distressing to the cultivated mind and ear. There is in it no thought

of anything like courtesy, training, or fine feeling.

A writer in the *Interstate Medical Journal* for December, 1910, expresses himself thus:

"We are now speaking of the American voice, which has a chromatic scale no other voice possesses, and so many irritating qualities that, were a nerve removed from the healthiest body and subjected to the pricking of its many stridencies, we are quite sure it would wriggle at once with an activity that could not be interpreted as aught but a mild protest. Now, can it be said that an occasional noise such as emanates from a motor car, a street car, or from a factory whistle, can play the same havoc with our powers of resistance that is effected by the uninterrupted iteration of a noise that follows us even into the sanctity of our homes? Surely, the American voice as it falls upon our ears must make for so tight a clutch on our nerves that the combined effect of all other noises dwindles into comparative insignificance."

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"Let us allow our friend to go to his favorite haunts in search of the cure his tortured nerves demand—those nerves that unwittingly subjected themselves throughout the day to all the city noises, including the ubiquitous and omnipresent vocal harshness in street and business houses—and what alleviation of his perturbed condition is effected? Again he hears tones that soothe not, sounds that seem to issue from the top of the head after circuitous journeys through the narrowest of passages, and a vocalism that is so high-pitched that all its

nasalities act upon his sensitiveness as would pin pricks. Still ignorant of the reason why his spirits continue to be ruffled he wanders homeward, and the peace that comes to his tired brain during sleep is again rudely jarred."

It would not be difficult to substantiate the statement made by President Lowell with regard to the selection of popular and inferior music for the entertainment of guests at receptions and public gatherings. Here is the programme of musical pieces rendered during a reception given by Governor Dix of New York at the official mansion in Albany, a few hours after his inauguration. The pieces are not what would be called "rag-time," but surely they are not classical, nor are they even elegant:

March—Bunch of Roses.....Chapi
 Selection—Madame Sherry.....Hoschna
 Potpourri—The Girl in the Train.....Fall
 Fantasia—Bright Eyes.....Klein
 Gems from Naughty Marietta.....Herbert
 Medley—Remick's Hits.....Redfield
 Intermezzo—Pensée D'Amour.....Latan
 Selection—Dollar Princess.....Spink
 Valse Lente—Cupid's Caress.....Roberts
 Finale—Tales of Hoffman.....Offenbach

To the finely organized temperament of Schopenhauer the foolish conversations of uninformed and thoughtless persons brought not only weariness but great vexation of spirit. "Conversation with others," said the uncompromising thinker,

"leaves an unpleasant tang; the employment of the soul in itself leaves an agreeable echo." Again he said, "The jabber of companies of men is as profitless as the idle yelping of packs of hounds." So also, in his little hut on Walden Pond, thought the poet and naturalist, Henry David Thoreau. He would pass entire days in silent communion with Nature. Whatever of noise and bustle in life forced itself upon Schopenhauer utterly failed of reaching his secret soul. There is something sad to the ordinary man in the thought of living alone, especially as age advances, and even more sad is it to die alone,—to pass silently into the everlasting silence unattended and with no friend at hand. But Schopenhauer was not an ordinary man. He died as he had lived, with his ears closed to the babble of empty voices. Aristotle reports that Satyrus stopped his ears with wax when he was to plead a cause so that he might not be thrown off his guard by the retorts of enemies. Schopenhauer was determined that the powers of his mind should not be frittered away by foolish speech. To the end he resisted vain conversation and empty noise, and he died as he had lived. The physician who attended him stepped from the room, and returned after but a minute or two. On his return he found the philosopher dead. Sitting in the corner of the sofa, with a smile upon his face, his still open eyes gazed as if he were alive upon the gilded statuette of the Buddha upon the mantel-piece. A great treasure to

Schopenhauer was a copy of the Upanishads (the Latin translation of Anquetil Duperron, which was published at Strassburg in 1802). The system advanced in that work is, as all readers know, one of pantheism. I have often wondered at the strong hold this system, in one form or another, has upon superior minds. Of the Upanishads he wrote: "It is the most profitable and the most elevating reading which (the original text excepted) is possible in the world. It has been the consolation of my life, and it will be the consolation of my death." Standing by Schopenhauer's grave in the cemetery at Frankfurt, I thought of the little band of remarkable men who gathered about that grave the early spring day when our philosopher was laid to rest. "There is something," said one of them, "that tells us he has found satisfaction for his solitude." Let us hope that so strange a journey ended at last in peace. Commenting upon the burial of Schopenhauer, my friend of earlier days with whom I have passed many pleasant hours, and who himself now rests beneath the hallowed shades of Mount Auburn, William Rounseville Alger, said in his "Genius of Solitude," "If the Christian heaven be a verity, he is there with the Saviour who revealed the God of the parable of the Prodigal Son. . . . If that heaven be only the dream he thought it, then he is where he aspired to be, with Kapila, Sakya Muni, and the other conquering kings of mind,

blent in the unknown destiny of the All, clasped in the fruition of Nirvána."

"As the truest society approaches always nearer to solitude," wrote Thoreau in his "Concord and Merrimack Rivers," "so the most excellent speech finally falls into silence. Silence is audible to all men, at all times, and in all places. . . . All sounds are her servants and purveyors, proclaiming not only that their mistress is, but is a rare mistress, and earnestly to be sought after."

Plutarch has recorded that the citizens of Athens upon a certain occasion gave a feast and thereto invited the ambassadors of the King of Persia. The conversation was most animated. Much wine loosened many tongues, and things that should not have been even hinted at were freely discussed. Zeno, the Stoic, was present, but he remained so quiet that many were unaware of his presence. Surprised at his silence, the guests pressed him to drink. When, after several cups, he still remained silent, the ambassadors, who were well acquainted with his reputation for learning, enquired of Zeno what report they should make to their Royal Master. The sage replied, "Say there was an old man in Athens who could hold his tongue." It is a great thing to be able to control so unruly a member. Genius is often associated with silence, but never with loquacity. Learning makes no noise. Brass bands and tinsel indicate a low order of intelligence. Yet multitudes are de-

ceived by sound and fury, and follow without thought the popular hero until in time he explodes and there is an end of him. Silence is a vast ocean into which at last all the discordant streams of speech find rest. No one associates Eternity with the thought of noise. The poets describe its vast expanse, voiceless and serene, as the end of all the rush and tumult of man's little life on earth. The philosophers go more deeply into the science of the subject, though, doubtless, even they might learn some things of more or less importance from their romantic neighbors the poets, who sing the truth into our hearts while, more laboriously, these toiling sons of the earth discourse to our understanding in the duller terms of the intellect.

Preyer defines silence as a state of uniform minimum excitation of the auditory nerve-fibres, and joins issue with Fechner and others who deny its claim to be regarded as a positive form of sensation at all. Fechner distinguishes between the effect of absence of light upon the eye, and that of absence of sound upon the ear; black he regards as a sensation, silence as an absence of all sensation. Preyer points out, on the contrary, that the two cases are in every way analogous, and that the auditory organ never sinks, any more than the retina, below the zero of sensation. The pressure of the fluid contents of the labyrinth, and the flow of blood through the vessels, must give rise to sensations of which we are unconscious only because of their uniform-

ity, their constancy, and their low degree of intensity. Silence, when the attention is concentrated on the sense of hearing, is found to vary in degree, just as the blackness of the visual field, when light is excluded from the eye, has been observed to vary; but the complete absence of sensation is obviously incapable of varying.

IV

NOBLE DEEDS OF HUMBLE MEN

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can!'"

—*Emerson.*

"Among the Germans of the forest, when a young man came of age, he was solemnly invested with shield and spear. The ceremony of Knighthood at first was nothing more. Every man of gentle birth became a knight, and then took an oath to be true to God and to the ladies and to his plighted word; to be honorable in all his actions; to succor the oppressed."

—*The Martyrdom of Man.*

NOBLE DEEDS OF HUMBLE MEN

IT has always seemed to me that a book chronicling the deeds of courage and self-sacrifice that are constantly performed by men and women in humble stations and in out-of-the-way places in life would be well worth writing. When I prepared the chapter on "Heroes of Humble Life" in my volume "The Companionship of Books,"¹ I had in mind some such work, and I viewed the chapter as an experiment in that direction. The thought was never followed up, and yet so great has been my interest in the matter that I have from time to time clipped from the daily papers articles and paragraphs that seemed to me to record in striking terms the noble and daring exploits of obscure men and women. A book of the kind, extended to three or even four hundred pages, could not but increase one's respect for our human race, and reassure the soul in moments of discouragement and despondency. The heart-breaking selfishness of the world is too dense and extended to be ignored, and yet there is another side to both individual and social life. Paragraphs such as those about which I am now writing show, often in beautiful colors and high relief, the intrinsic nobleness and magnificent possibilities of human nature. They make it clear that the disinterested spirit and heroic temper of earlier ages, which we so greatly ad-

¹ Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1906.

mire, are not dead; and that all about us are men and women of heroic proportions, though of obscure and lowly life. The hour still finds the man awaiting the divine call; and Duty is as cheerfully performed now as it was in the earlier centuries when cruelty, oppression, and persecution inspired fortitude and increased the power of faith.

Take for instance the splendid heroism of an Alpine guide who something like ten years ago proved himself, in all that makes a chivalrous and fearless manhood, the equal of the bravest soldier who ever faced the foe on field or flood. Professor Nasse was well-known, not only in Berlin, where was his home, but throughout the scientific world, as one of the most intrepid and successful mountain climbers. With Dr. Bochardt, a man of like fame and spirit, and two guides, Professor Nasse ascended one of the most difficult of all the Alpine peaks. The four men roped together were crossing the Piz Baine, on their return from their climb. The guides considered a snow bridge before them perfectly safe, and accordingly the four men proceeded to cross it, when suddenly it gave way and the leading guide and Professor Nasse fell into the crevasse. Nasse had the rope around his chest and hung in mid-air. The strain upon his chest was very great, and it was evident that life could not be long sustained unless the pressure could be in some measure lightened.

For half an hour man and guide hung sus-

pended thus in mid-air, the guide bringing all his weight to bear upon the chest of Professor Nasse. The guide could have hung there till rescued, but every moment brought death nearer to Nasse. This the guide fully understood. Bravely, without hesitation, he deliberately drew from his belt the knife which he always carried, and cut the rope that bound him to Professor Nasse. In an instant the pressure was removed, and Nasse swung free, but alas! he was dead. That the guide, of course, could not have known, as the pressure of the rope prevented Nasse from speaking. As a stone drops into an abyss, so the guide plunged into the depths below and disappeared. The other guide and Dr. Bochartt were now able to pull the body of Nasse up. Many hours later the hero who had faced death so bravely was found uninjured. He struck in his descent a mass of soft snow that covered a ledge of ice, and so broke the force of a fall of more than fifteen hundred feet.

No one can read of an act like that, performed in the face of almost certain death, by an obscure guide, without realizing that the heroic elements in our common humanity are very far from being extinct. Alas, that the deed should be so soon forgotten! Less valorous exploits of distinguished military leaders are recorded upon the page of history, and are celebrated in song and story, but we do not even know the name of the noble and intrepid guide.

Only seven years ago, William Phelps, of Rich-

mond, Kentucky, and James Stansbury, of Indianapolis, were cleaning the interior of an eight-foot upright boiler in the Cerealine Mills. They were humble men who earned a meagre living. No one dreamed that under a red flannel shirt of the cheapest quality, and not over clean at that, beat the lion-heart of as noble a hero as ever breathed the breath of life. While the two men were working an employee turned on the steam, thinking the cock was tight; it leaked, and the scalding steam poured in on the two men. The only exit was up a ladder to a man-hole in the top. Both jumped for the ladder. Phelps reached it first, took one step and stopped. He sprang aside and shouted: "You first, Jim; you are married, and I have no wife and no children dependent upon my toil." Stansbury escaped, but Phelps, standing aside for the sake of the wife and the little children, was cooked to death.

Over the body of General John E. Wool, in Oakwood cemetery, Troy, N. Y., stands, visible for miles around, the tallest monolith that art ever shaped in this country for either the living or the dead. I never heard that any costly monument was erected over the grave of William Phelps to commemorate a holy deed of most beautiful heroism and Christ-like love. No doubt Wool was a brave soldier, and will be remembered in history as he should be; but to my thinking, nothing in all his military career compares in

splendor with the brave deed and noble death of that obscure workman.

There lives unknown save for a few newspaper paragraphs, in Morristown, New Jersey, a cripple named Joe Gilligan, who ten years ago was run over by a trolley car in Brooklyn. One leg was cut off above the knee and the other below the knee, and his right arm was also amputated. A poor mutilated body is that of Joe Gilligan, but it holds the noble and beautiful soul of a true hero worthy of a place with the bravest and best. June the nineteenth, in the year nineteen hundred and eight, that wreck of a human body swam out in Gravel Pit pond and saved the lives of two children who had overturned their boat and were drowning. Joe was sitting with other boys under a tree out of sight of the pond. He had removed his artificial legs and was showing them to several lads, when he heard the frantic call for help. To that call he responded instantly. He had no time to put on his wooden legs, but running as he had learned to do upon his stumps, Joe made his way to the pond, shouting, "Hold fast! I'm coming!" He swam out, grasped the two boys and pulled them apart. With the one hand—it was all he had—he held one boy above the water and managed to get him ashore. Then he returned and caught the other boy just as he was relaxing his hold upon the overturned boat and was slipping into the water. He saved both the children who, after they had

revived, picked up the poor, little mutilated body and carried it with grateful tears to its humble home.

I have in a drawer to my study table a number of newspaper clippings, all of which are radiantly beautiful with like stories of nobleness and daring. Another lad, only fourteen years of age at the time, saved six drowning persons, and then refused to give his name to the reporter, saying: "I do not want to be printed; I only did my duty." His name should be remembered, and though he withheld it, I give it to the world—it was William McGrane.

The story of the heroism of Mrs. Wilson, who, in 1872, after her husband had been disabled, assumed command of his ship and brought it safely to port in the face of the greatest perils, is well worth recording. The following account of her exploit was printed in an English journal in July, 1872:¹

"The ship *Sharron*, 1,800 tons, of St. John, N. B., Wilson master, sailed from New York with a general cargo on February 14, 1872, bound for Liverpool. She encountered a terrific gale on the Banks of Newfoundland, the cargo shifted and the ship was hove on her beam ends. A terrible sea was running, and they had to cut away masts to right the ship. The mizzen-mast broke off below deck with all attached, and all above main-mast gone. Captain Wilson had his shoulder broken, and dis-

¹ Reprinted in the *New York Tribune*, Dec. 3, 1880.

located his collar-bone; the chief officer and part of the crew were disabled.

"Mrs. Wilson, wife of the captain, who had lived on board ship with her husband seven years, saw the danger, and although a young woman, with no captain or officer to depend on, assumed charge, being a good sailor and skillful navigator. The men had confidence in her and obeyed her commands, and when she said, 'Boys, our lives are in danger; let us stick together, and all of us work with a will; I will take my husband's place, and take you to some port,' the sailors knew our heroine's courage, and said, 'Aye, aye; we will obey to a man.' The men were divided into four watches; pumps were sounded, and the ship was found to be leaking badly.

"When clear of the wreckage, our heroine shaped her course for Bermuda. Having but little sail left, and only a foremast complete, she rigged up a jurmast. The wind headed her off so that she could not make the harbor. Her husband was not able to assist her from the effects of his injuries, but they held a consultation and deemed it best to put the ship before the wind and go to St. Thomas, at which place they arrived in safety on March 13, being twenty-one days that our heroine had charge of the ship and crew. Many heartfelt prayers went up to heaven from those grateful men—hard toilers of the sea—that land was reached and they had been saved through the courage of a woman.

"On reaching St. Thomas Mrs. Wilson was admired by all for her courage and wonderful presence of mind. The *Sharron* was repaired at St. Thomas and sailed for Liverpool on May 30. Mrs. Wilson was the recipient of an elegant gold

chain and locket, with a ship in full sail on one side, her monogram on the other, presented by the English Consul, and many other valuable presents from the merchants of St. Thomas. On her departure flags were hoisted on every flag-staff on the island, cannons were fired from the English Consul's house and the shipping in port let to the breeze all their bunting in honor of our heroine. The *Sharron* arrived in Liverpool June 30, after a pleasant trip of thirty days. Mrs. Wilson was again received with cheers, and in her honor a dinner was given in the North Western Hotel on Lime street, where about seventy-five guests sat down. After dinner she was presented with a purse of gold and numerous presents from merchants and friends in Liverpool."

I throw out a suggestion to my fellow authors—why not collect these instances of nobleness and daring in a book that shall have permanence and that shall be an inspiration to all who read its pages. A Harvard professor once pressed upon my attention the need there was for a Biographical Dictionary of Unusual Characters—a sympathetic and just dictionary. I think the book I suggest would be worth more to the world.

After God, human nature is the most beautiful thing of which we have knowledge, and deeds such as I have instanced in this brief paper help us to believe what it is not always easy to believe, that man, with all his sin and shame and failure, was still made in the Divine image, and retains that image, and can never lose it.

V

THE COLLEGE AND BUSINESS LIFE

"When President Walker, it must be now nearly thirty years ago, asked me in common with my colleagues what my notion of a university was, I answered, 'A university is a place where nothing useful is taught; but a university is possible only where a man may get his livelihood by digging Sanscrit roots.' What I meant was that the highest office of the somewhat complex thing so named was to distribute the true Bread of Life, the *pane d'egli angeli*, as Dante called it, and to breed an appetite for it; but it should also have the means and appliances for teaching everything, as the mediæval universities aimed to do in their *trivium* and *quadrivium*."

—Lowell.

"May God confound thee for thy theory of irregular verbs!"

—An Old Grammarian's Curse.

THE COLLEGE AND BUSINESS LIFE

THE death of Marshall Field, at the Holland House, in the city of New York, January 16, 1906, raises the question of the utility of a college education. Mr. Field was one of the greatest among the famous merchants who have acquired colossal fortunes and wielded world-wide power. He began life in a very humble way, and rose to a position of commercial importance by the exercise of those common virtues which we so easily despise but which are absolutely essential to success in every worthy enterprise. He was industrious, patient, and faithful, and to these good qualities he added sound judgment and business courage. He was the son of a New England farmer, and his early days were passed in a little village in Western Massachusetts. Some education he had from the public school and a local academy, but he never prepared for college, and was acquainted with only such popular literature as naturally attracts the youthful mind whatever may be the poverty of its surroundings and the meagreness of its advantages. When the lad was seventeen years old he commenced his business career in a shop at Pittsfield, Mass., where he remained four years. At the age of twenty-one he went to Chicago, and he there continued in business up to the time of his death, which occurred soon after he had passed his seventy-first birthday. When

he was forty-six years old he was able to found the Field Columbian Museum with a gift of \$1,000,000, and to contribute to the University of Chicago the princely sum of \$450,000. At the time of his death he was conducting the largest wholesale and retail dry goods business in the world.

The writer of this paper is not inclined to minimize the value of a college education. He matriculated in three colleges, from one of which he was graduated. Later he prepared for his professional career at a theological seminary. But his predilections have nothing to do with the subject here discussed. Of course men have succeeded in all branches of learning and industry both with and without classical training; but the writer believes, from years of observation and from extensive reading, that the importance of a college education has been greatly exaggerated. Presidents of educational institutions have strong personal reasons for magnifying the value of a curriculum; and with the rapid increase of competition between colleges those reasons tend to become ever more and more personal and strenuous.

The college president of fifty years ago was selected and appointed because of his intellectual and moral fitness for a position which he honored more than he was in turn honored by that position. He was not, as now, a "hustler," but a distinguished scholar and a cultivated gentle-

man. The man who in these days would be accounted successful as the head of a wealthy educational institution must know how to extract money from the pockets of rich men. The old-time president sustained close social and educational relationships with the students, but the modern president is more at home under the roof of a railroad magnate than in the class room. His office is in a Pullman car, and he is chiefly concerned about athletics and regattas and not about the branches of learning taught in his institution. All this must be taken into account when one endeavors to find out the real value of college training to our modern life.

Insignificant colleges with meagre endowments and few students are compelled to compete in some measure with larger and stronger institutions of learning. You will find unknown colleges having scarcely the equipment of a high school advertising ludicrously bombastic curricula. One little college planted in a small village out on the prairies announces instruction in Sanskrit, Tamil and Syriac languages and literatures. It maintains a chair of archæology and also one of international law. Another college has more than intimated that it is ready to name itself after some generous benefactor. There are twenty colleges in the United States where there is need for one; and nineteen out of the twenty supply little or no service beyond that which any high school might render.

In the writer's opinion much of the money given to so-called institutions of learning in this country is wasted.

No one is now confined to the university in his search for an education. The world is full of books and papers of every description written in many languages. In every city, and, indeed, in most villages of importance, may be found a good library. Thousands of libraries are free to all who wish to use them. Even commercial life in our modern world has its educational side; and ordinary men who do not regard themselves as instructed beyond the common requirements of their trades, know more about many things of a purely literary nature than could have been known by accomplished scholars a century ago. The college of to-day is only one of many avenues to an enchanted world of wisdom and beauty into which whoever will may enter. There are in America hundreds of reading and study clubs that are in a very real sense seats of learning for their members. The writer had upon his desk while preparing this paper the printed prospectus of study for one year, put out by the Pine Hills Fortnightly Club of Albany, N. Y.—an association of ladies who meet every two weeks during winter months for the discussion of literary and other topics in which they have interested themselves. The Pine Hills Fortnightly Club, it is true, cannot confer degrees, but it can and does confer that for which every degree should stand.

The real value of a degree is to be found only in the education it should imply, and of which it is a certification. Apart from the education a degree is of purely ornamental value. Yet how many young men after attending college return home with degrees of which they are vainglorious, while they never consider the greater value of that which they have bartered for such empty and trivial honors as are within the gift of a faculty or a board of trustees. Thousands of young people enter college with generous heart and clean life, and return to the early fireside or go out into the world ruined in body and mind. During all the time the youth was sowing wild oats, the much-travelled and well-dined president was concerned only about the income of his institution. On paper his chair is that of "Mental and Moral Philosophy," but in reality it is that of "Dollars and Cents."

It may be argued that professors share with the president the responsibility of caring for the moral and physical welfare of students. It would seem right that those who guide the minds and direct the studies of young men should have as well some part in forming their characters and shaping their destinies. But consider how little opposition the faculties of most colleges have presented to those brutal atrocities which we call "hazing." A writer in a New York paper facetiously suggested that every life insurance policy should carry with it an increased premium for members of the Freshman class, as the risk

incurred would seem to be greater than that incurred in the insuring of ordinary men and women. It cannot be denied that manslaughter, if not murder, has been committed many times under the hazing system which presidents and professors deplore, but do not even attempt to prevent. In the *Medical Record* for March 10, 1906, it was stated that a student in a medical college in Nebraska was about to sue the faculty for \$50,000 on the ground that as the result of hazing he was rendered incapable of pursuing his college course. He was dragged, so it was reported, from the classroom by Sophomores who intended to throw him into a ventilating shaft. He fought and was kicked in the back, his spine was injured, and he has had to use crutches ever since. Some time ago a young man in a Western college was thrown into the river and narrowly escaped drowning. In another college two young men were exposed all night to a winter storm in an open field, and one of them died of pneumonia. From an Oregon paper under date of February 28, 1909, I extract the following statement that speaks for itself:

“Cowering in a padded cell, a young man whose parents are pioneer residents in this city shivers at the sound of a step in one of the corridors of the State Asylum for the Insane, to which he has been committed as the result of being hazed by upper classmen at the University. He was ducked in an icy bath, and when he emerged from the frigid

water his reason had fled. He graduated from the High School last June and entered the University at the opening of the fall semester. He was a brilliant student in the High School, and up to the day of the hazing had occupied a prominent position in his class at college. By selling newspapers and doing odd jobs out of school hours he saved \$1,000 with which to put himself through the University."

President Roosevelt, after approving an order of Colonel Hugh L. Scott, who was at the time in charge of the Military Academy at West Point, dismissing eight cadets from the Academy for hazing, reopened the case and changed the sentence of six of the cadets to suspension for one year. In less than twelve months from the date of the President's interference a cadet on sentry duty was attacked by a party of young men wearing the uniform of the United States, and so severely injured that he was confined for some time to the post hospital. This time the offenders were, after a fair trial, dismissed from the Academy and from the service of their country.

The *New York Sun* of April 12, 1910, contained an account of a young lady who as a consequence of brutal hazing, initiative to membership in a Greek Letter society connected with a High School, had to be placed in a sanitarium. She was forced to eat raw oysters coated with sugar, drink kerosene, swallow macaroni boiled in soapsuds, and then take into

her stomach highly seasoned catsup and tabasco. This monstrous treatment her tormentors accounted a pleasant diversion.

A wealthy gentleman once told the writer of this paper that he rejoiced greatly when his only son decided to leave college and enter commercial life. He had been very anxious about his son, for he knew the young man carried a revolver and intended to use it should the necessity arise.

When I was a young man, baseball and football were wholesome and innocent recreations attended by no great peril to either life or limb, but now they are little less than campaigns of brutality conducted for money, and often result in the serious injury and even death of some of the players. Football had to become so outrageous a scandal that good men in all departments of life cried out against it in the winter of 1905 and 1906, before college authorities took any steps in the matter, and even then they moved with hesitancy and great reluctance.

The flying wedge has been in large measure stopped, but the abominable mass play continues. Notwithstanding every improvement, the list of dead and injured for the Season of 1909 was the largest for nine years. Thirty boys were killed, including eight college players, twenty high-school boys, and two members of athletic clubs. The injuries were divided among one hundred and seventy-one college men, forty school players, and five members of athletic

clubs. Twenty-five persons suffered internal injuries; nineteen had dislocated ankles; nineteen had concussion of the brain; and the same number had fractured ribs. Fifteen legs and nine arms were broken, while twelve collar bones were cracked. There were fifteen cases of torn ligaments and thirteen fractured shoulders.

The gifted author, Walter Pater, was, when at school, injured by a playmate who gave him a brutal kick. For a number of weeks he was confined to his bed, and even to the last day of his life the injury was manifest in a peculiar defect in his gait.

It is just that we should say in this connection what is certainly true, that the vices, such as intemperance, unclean conversation and behavior, gaming and evils of the kind, are not now so prevalent in our colleges as they were a century or more ago. There is an unpublished letter bearing the date of June 4, 1767, by the Rev. Jonathan Ashley, who was at the time pastor of a church in Westfield and also of a church in Deerfield, Mass., in which are the following words that would be beyond all doubt a libel were they written of any college to-day:

"It is probable before this time you have heard of another instance of y^e great corruption of our College. Several of the chief gentlemen's sons in the Government have been supposed to have been criminally conversant with a lewd woman, whom it is said they kept secreted in a chamber in the town which was hired by one of the students."

We do not lay the stress upon personal religion that good men in earlier generations placed upon piety in college-life, but nevertheless, our colleges are purer and more temperate.

What has been said and what remains to be said is to no extent the result of any failure to appreciate the great good accomplished by colleges, much less is it the result of hostility to them and their work. The writer of this paper has had practical acquaintance with college life. He is also acquainted with noble and highly educated men who have given many years to the training of the young for honorable and useful lives. The writer has in view not the destruction but the reformation of college life. He would see abuses corrected and a better state of things inaugurated. To that end he not only states some of the evils he deplures, but endeavors to render more apparent what all admit and yet few seriously consider, that the college is only a means and never in any sense of the word an end. The ablest and best men this world has known have, many of them, had no acquaintance with college life. Indeed the writer believes he can make a list of distinguished men who never attended college, that cannot be matched by any catalogue of great men whose names are upon college rolls.

Shakspeare began life with no other education than that which the Free Grammar School at Stratford-upon-Avon was able to give him. Bunyan, George Fox, and Spinoza, all of

them great men, were self-taught. Jacob Boehmen, the German mystic, never attended a school; all his education he obtained by his own unassisted effort. He rose from the humblest station in life to be the inspiration of Sir Isaac Newton, who was guided to more than one of his great discoveries by the study of Boehmen's "The Three Principles." William Carey without the help of any college became one of the most learned of Oriental linguists. He translated the Scriptures into Bengali and Hindustani, and compiled grammars and dictionaries in Mahratta, Sanscrit, Punjab, Telugu, and Bhatana. Alexander Pope, whose "Essay on Man" will live so long as our language endures, and whose delightful translation of Homer can never lose its charm, commenced life with no education that would seem to promise such results. His later education, which was large, was entirely self-acquired. Lord Byron was educated at a day-school in Aberdeen and at a school in Harrow, but he never matriculated in either Oxford or Cambridge. Robert Burns was self-taught. William Falconer, the poet of "The Shipwreck" and the compiler of "The Nautical Dictionary," was the son of a poor and illiterate barber. He led a mariner's life, and was lost at sea in the *Aurora*, of which he was the purser. His entire education came from the use he made of his spare moments, which were spent in reading and study. Hood and Mackenzie were, neither of them, college-instructed.

Nelson, the great British admiral, attended the High School at Norwich and afterwards went to school at North Walsham, but he was not a bright scholar. Charles Dickens, after receiving a meagre education, studied law, but he never had much instruction in the classics. John Stuart Mill received a superb education without the aid of any college. David Livingstone, the distinguished missionary and explorer, and Henry Stanley, who found him in the heart of Africa, were, neither of them, prepared for the work of life in any of the English seats of learning. Hugh Miller was a man of large acquaintance with natural science, but no college contributed in any way to his worth and fame. John Hunter, the anatomist and surgeon, stood at the head of his profession without the aid of a college. Robert Stevenson, the builder of twenty lighthouses, was self-educated. Charles H. Spurgeon's name is known in every land. He was in some ways the greatest preacher of his age; for more than forty years he addressed the largest congregation in the world, and thousands of his sermons were every month distributed in many lands. But Spurgeon's educational advantages were limited. His name cannot be found in any catalogue of college-graduates. Andrew Carnegie has filled the English-speaking world with good libraries, and right it is that he should do so, for books were his only university.

Among Americans we name first the greatest

of them all, Washington. The capitol of our Republic is in the beautiful city that bears his name and that is made even more beautiful by its association with his glorious life. What college would not rejoice to number among its most illustrious sons the Father of our Country! He was indebted to no college for any part of that marvellous equipment of both mind and moral nature that made him the supremely great man the entire world acknowledges him to have been. Next to Washington comes in our early history Benjamin Franklin, who acquired his education in a printing office; an education which he enlarged by extensive reading, but which was never improved by any college. Andrew Jackson and Millard Fillmore were self-educated men. Abraham Lincoln had little schooling apart from his knowledge of law. Henry Clay and Stephen A. Douglas went to a common school. Horace Greeley, the founder of the *New York Tribune*, was, perhaps, the greatest editor this or any other country has ever produced, but he was entirely self-educated. Charles A. Dana, who created the *New York Sun*, and Samuel Bowles of the *Springfield Republican*, were not college men. Robert Fulton, John Ericsson, an American by adoption, and Thomas A. Edison rose to their exalted positions by their own unassisted effort. Cyrus W. Field, who gave us the submarine cable uniting two great continents, started in life with only a common-school education. Washington Irving, the poet Whittier, and some

of our most successful authors, famous for grace of style and charm of personality, never attended a college. William Cullen Bryant entered Williams College, but left at the close of the Sophomore year. George Peabody, the distinguished philanthropist, won the love of both England and America without a college degree.

Many distinguished men, as Mr. E. J. Swift has pointed out, made a poor record in college. To use Mr. Swift's words:

"The finer individual qualities are often late in revealing themselves. It is the older, racial tendencies that rule in childhood. Irritation at restraint, irresponsibility and primitive indolence, are to be expected. Some mature slowly and are called stupid. George Eliot learned to read with difficulty. Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, spent three years in one class in the village school; Burger, the poet of German ballads, required several years to learn the Latin forms; and Alfieri, the Italian poet, was dismissed by his teachers, so backward was he. Were it necessary, the list might be indefinitely extended by adding Newton, Byron, Ibsen, Walter Pater, Pierre Curie and others. Sometimes seeming stupidity is due to interest in subjects outside the little circle round which the tethered children are allowed to graze. Fulton, Watt and Sir Humphry Davy, in early childhood, were already busy with experiments which were to be told to children after the teachers who called them stupid were forgotten. Tolstoy, Goethe and Dean Swift were refused their degrees because they failed in their university examinations, and, for the same reason, Ferdinand

Brunetière was denied admission to the Ecole Normale Supérieure. At Cambridge, also, Sir William Thomson was not a wrangler though one of the examiners admitted that the successful competitor was not fit to cut pencils for Thomson. When asked why he had delayed so long on one of the problems which he himself had discovered, Thomson replied that, having forgotten that it was one of his own inventions, he had worked it as a wholly new problem. Later it was learned that the winner of the prize wrote the solution from memory. Thomson's failure to win the Cambridge honor because of the unusual memory of one of his competitors, illustrates an important class of cases in which the examination system completely collapses. Justus von Liebig, whose father was compelled to remove him from the gymnasium because of his wretched work, attributed his failure in the school to his utter lack of auditory memory. He could remember little that he heard. Yet his teachers never discovered this."¹

A few years ago the late Francis H. Leggett, a wealthy wholesale grocer in the city of New York, made public the fact that he had not in his entire force of six hundred clerks a single college graduate. A reporter for *Printer's Ink*, a paper published at the time by Mr. George P. Rowell in the same city, called upon Mr. Leggett at his office and obtained from him a statement with regard to his experience with college graduates. Mr. Leggett said that "through thirty years of business life he had endeavored to give

¹ Mr. E. J. Swift in *Harper's Magazine*.

college men the preference, believing that a liberal education ought to be valuable in business." After that long and faithful experiment he decided that graduates of colleges were not as a general rule good business men. He found them disinclined to begin at the bottom, but without the ability to begin elsewhere. They had a contempt for drudgery. They were unwilling to render humble services. In some cases they actually thought four years in a literary college more than an equivalent for many years of the best business experience.

Mr. Leggett found also that the college man's education "had dealt with things so far removed from business life and practice that he was hardly on a par with a boy from the public schools so far as useful knowledge was concerned, while he was hampered by whatever foppish illusions his college life may have given him." Mr. Leggett discovered that the college graduate knew algebra, but had almost no knowledge of arithmetic. He could work out a difficult problem if you would give him time, but he could not think rapidly when questions in arithmetic were up for consideration. "Business," said Mr. Leggett, "is founded upon arithmetic—quick mental arithmetic that will yield results in a moment." Colleges pay no attention to arithmetic and the common branches of every-day education. They assume that the three R's were mastered before the young man entered upon his college life. But a man may know Latin and

Greek and yet be unable to speak and write his own language correctly. In college many things are taught that are of no use in business life, and the young man entering upon his college career knows little of the hard reality of the world in which he must live. He knows all that there is to be known about a dead language and people that passed away long centuries ago, but he has scant knowledge of his own country. When he leaves college he is too old to learn what should have been learned when he was a child.¹

"The colleges," said Mr. Leggett, "miseducate. They teach nothing but book knowledge. College professors have been steeped in the college traditions." Being further pressed by the

¹ The following excerpt from *The Dial*, a paper always friendly to colleges and college men, throws upon the failure of colleges to develop a high moral tone and the ability to earn a living in some useful employment, this sad, but instructive light:

"The college-man in the 'bread line' is a spectacle that saddens and that moves to reflection. College education is more and more striving to coördinate itself with the demands of modern life and industry, the sciences are ousting the old-fashioned 'humanities,' the principles of trade and commerce are taught, and to an increasing extent the practical is taking precedence of the ideal. And yet we are told by a mission worker in the slums of New York (we refer to Mr. E. C. Mercer and his Columbia University address on 'College Graduates on the Bowery') that one night he counted thirty-nine college men of his acquaintance in the Bowery 'bread line,' while another investigator found four hundred college men in the Bowery in a single night. Under the old educational régime a college-bred pauper was an almost unheard-of anomaly. Can it be that, after all, the most practical things are in some danger of proving the most useless?"

reporter who was himself in nowise hampered by any tradition, and whose business proficiency was the result of his own industry, and not of any college training, Mr. Leggett said, "What colleges teach is not only valueless, but actually harmful to the youth who intends entering commercial life. The college graduate, thrown into the business world, knows less than the boy who is forced to leave school and earn his living at fifteen; while he has a false estimate of his ability that makes him disdainful of the work that would be the means of teaching him business."

Mr. Leggett's statement is worthy of consideration. It is that of a successful business man who has had large experience. The conclusion to be drawn from it is that classical colleges are not helps but hindrances to young men who wish to enter business life. They train their minds in the direction of professional life, and create tastes and inclinations at variance with the hard and matter-of-fact duties and requirements of the life they elect to lead. Business colleges are in large measure free from these objections, but there are among such institutions none that take rank with the best classical colleges, unless medical, legal and theological colleges and seminaries are to be classed with business schools. Scientific and mining schools, the Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y., the Military Academy at West Point, and the Naval

Academy at Annapolis, do not come under Mr. Leggett's strictures.

Under the heading "A Severe Indictment," the *Educational Review* reprinted from the *Argonaut* (San Francisco) in the autumn of 1910 an apparently frank and yet severe criticism of the college graduate. The charge was one of downright incapacity. It may be the arraignment was too sweeping, but its perfect agreement with the statement of Mr. Leggett's experience is certainly very striking:

"In recruiting its service, says the *Argonaut*, speaking of its own experience, 'trial has again and again been made of the college-bred youth, but never with any approach to success. We have never yet been able to find a college-bred youth, without a long subsequent practical drill, who could write clean English, or who could even write a hand which the printer could read. Not one of those from Frank Pixley down, whose work in the *Argonaut* has been an element in its character and influence, has been a man of college breeding. This remark applies to other publications of the country representative of journalism in its higher rank. It is only a few months ago that there was assembled at a dinner table in the Century Club at New York a little group representing the very highest forces in American journalism—including the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, the then editor of the *Century*, and others of equal note—when, through a chance inquiry, it developed that only one present was a college-bred man.'"

Students in American colleges, unlike those in English institutions of learning, seem to take little interest in the responsibilities of public life and of the government under which they live. They are more concerned about dead nations than about the living one with which they are themselves connected. The professors themselves incline in the same direction; they seldom take any direct part in the political life around them. Yet surely to all who live under the Stars and Stripes the United States should be more interesting and more important than are the Greece and Rome of earlier days. The writer does not forget that Ex-President Roosevelt and President Taft are college men, and that there are other representatives of college life high up in public confidence and honor, but these are rather the exception than the rule.

It is too much to ask of any young man in the ordinary walks of life and with ordinary mental endowments, that he pass through school, after that spend four years in a classical college, and then take two or three years in a legal or medical college before he begins to acquire the real training for work which is in a large measure the experience which comes of the work itself. The man begins work too late. His tastes and opinions are already fixed, and they are not fixed in the line of his occupation. His mind has lost much of its elasticity. What follows? This, that our colleges should teach young men the things which are useful in busi-

ness as well as the things which are essential to professional life. A university is such in name only that has not in its equipment a good commercial college. Harvard University should be able to furnish a suitable education for both a Ralph Waldo Emerson and a Marshall Field—the one a prince in the realm of letters, and the other a prince equally as great in that of commercial achievement. We are not of Horace Greeley's opinion, "of all horned cattle, deliver me from the college graduate," but we are of Mr. Leggett's opinion that the young man's training should have some definite relation to his life-work.

There was in the old-time colleges a serious fault in large measure corrected by our modern elective system of education. The college of fifty years or more ago was a huge impersonal machine into which minds of every kind, with no thought whatever of individual peculiarities, were ruthlessly cast, to be turned out, so far as possible, alike in every respect. The one end always in view was the creation of Latin and Greek scholars. The mind that could not be classically educated was accounted stupid. Cultivated mediocrity was the order of the day, and whatever remotely resembled genius was vigorously discouraged. Balzac was driven from several schools because his wonderful mind could not be run through the educational hopper of that time. His masters, one and all, set him down for a fool. We now know that the fools

were in the professorial chairs, and that a young man of great ability was despised and thrust out because public instructors had not the keenness of mental vision to discover his real worth. Read "Louis Lambert," and see how bitter was Balzac's struggle with a number of incompetent teachers. The experience of the young man Coleridge was not wholly unlike that of the youth who was to become one of the greatest of French novelists. Pestalozzi, when a boy, was named "the dunce" because he could not spell. His teachers could spell correctly, and great was their influence in their educational circles, but now, while all the world knows of Pestalozzi, who can tell us anything about his teachers! Charles Darwin was afraid to send his son to school. He wanted the child's mind developed along the line of his natural abilities. He distrusted the popular educational theories. He was right, and our old system of instruction was all wrong. For every class above the Freshman a full elective course should be prepared. It has been truly said, "The elective system is nothing more than a recognition of the duty of the university to offer instruction in many fields." Latin and Greek are good, but they are no better in their places than are French and German in theirs.

The literatures of Rome and Greece can never lose their charm, but there is no reason why modern languages should not rank with the languages of Plato and Virgil.

Culture is of many kinds. All over the civil-

ized world new fields of knowledge and new avenues of usefulness invite the thoughts and energies of man. It is a hard and hurtful experience to have to spend the precious years of youth in acquiring a peculiar kind of knowledge not wanted in the actual business of life, and, perhaps, distasteful to the learner. I have seen "finishing schools" drill in music young ladies who not only had no delight in the kind of music that was taught them, but were repelled by every sort of music worth knowing. It was once believed that no one could be a lady who was not able to slaughter at public functions and "pink teas" the great masters of immortal song. The day of that kind of folly is passing away. The masters will escape, and the public will be spared many miserable hours of torture by the rising of the sun of common-sense upon the darkness of "finishing schools." Some of the ablest preachers know little Greek and less Hebrew. Not a few of our best lawyers were educated at the common school, and prepared for a professional career in the office of a good attorney. Not all distinguished surgeons have wasted time over conic sections. He who knows well some useful thing and turns his knowledge to account in helpful words and deeds may be described as leading a successful life. Such a life should be recognized as noble and sufficient. The office of an educational institution is to help the individual to be of service to his race. Such institutions are means to a common end, but they are

never an end in themselves. Education is education still, even though secured *extra muros*. Mr. Crane tells us, in his book on Education, that knowledge is the knowing of important things. But what one man finds important another thinks well nigh worthless. Some distinguish between the useful and the beautiful, accounting the one more important than the other. But whatever kind of knowledge enriches a man's mind becomes a part of that man's education. It does not follow that a craftsman is an ignorant man because he does not know the things that a philosopher should understand. In the end no line separates the useful from the beautiful. Every kind of useful knowledge has its own beauty, and every beautiful thing is useful.

VI

OLD AGE

Μάτην ἄρ' οἱ γέροντες εὖχονται θανεῖν,
γῆρας ψέγοντες καὶ μακρὸν χρόνον βίον.
Ἦν δ' ἐγγὺς ἔλθῃ θάνατος, οὐδεὶς βούλεται
θνήσκεν, τὸ γῆρας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔστ' αὐτοῖς βαρύν.

“Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years: but Wisdom is the grey hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age.”

—*Wisdom, iv, 9.*

OLD AGE

WHEN the hills, touched with frost in the early autumn, put on their beautiful robes, and all the forests are clothed in scarlet and gold, there is an attraction as strong and as gentle as any subtle influence that haunts the opening of spring-time or pervades the slumberous summer, heavy with heat and resplendent with canopies of living green. To know Nature at her best one must find her early and leave her late. Of the little villages in New England what can one know who has not seen in the month of May the apple-blossoms white like snow upon the overburdened boughs, and watched in the dreamy mists of Indian-summer the yellow sunsets fade into the purple shadows of October and November twilights. Every season has its peculiar beauty, and of each the words of an American poet are true:

“To one who in the love of Nature
Holds communion with her visible forms,
She speaks a various language.”

When the mind can comprehend that language and understand its message, the roaring winds of mid-winter have as sweet a music when forests bow them to the snowy earth and tall pines are splintered by the blast, as have the gentler voices of the spring-time in “the leafy month of June.” The truth in Nature is the same truth we find in

human life. Youth has its own peculiar attraction; so has manhood, stout-hearted, self-confident, and robust; and none the less has slowly advancing age. That the last of life is in no way behind the beginning in rich compensation, the gentle Wordsworth knew right well when, by the quiet shores of Rydal Lake, he wrote those beautiful lines so often quoted, and yet of which we never weary:

"Old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave."

Lines like these bring to mind the Bible phrase, "A good old age," and they suggest as well the consoling picture of the aged patriarch leaning upon his staff in the opening of his tent amid the soft shadows of the Syrian landscape, worshipping God after the manner of his ancestors with the simple faith of those early days. We admire Shakspeare's description of old age, but never for so much as a moment is it to be compared with the brief and exquisite story of the closing scene in the life of Jacob as we have it in the ancient book of Genesis: "Then when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people." How simple, tender, and strong is the narrative. It is not true, as the English dramatist would have us believe, that for the most part life is but a stale and unprofitable thing; that men follow

only the bubble reputation; and that at last there remains for all one melancholy end, to drop through a few years of senile folly into unrecorded graves:

“The lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.”

We turn from this much admired, but sad and one-sided picture of decay, to contemplate the devout Simeon who waited in Jerusalem for the consolation of Israel. It was revealed unto the aged saint that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ. And he, waiting, not for “second childishness and mere oblivion,” but for the fulfilment of the Divine Promise and that blessed consolation of Israel upon which his heart fed through the long expectancy of the years, came into the Temple, “and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law, then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, ‘Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.’” Longfellow has, in his lovely romance of “Hyperion,” these wise and tender words:

"For my part, I grow happier as I grow older. When I compare my sensations and enjoyments now with what they were ten years ago, the comparison is vastly in favor of the present. Much of the fever and fretfulness of life are over. The world and I look each other more calmly in the face. My mind is more self-possessed. It has done me good to be somewhat parched by the heat and drenched by the rain of life."

Thus, no doubt, by nature as well as by religious agencies were the mind and heart of the venerable man prepared for the wonderful vision of the consolation of Israel that came to him in the aftermath, when the parching heat and drenching rain of life had crowned the hill-sides with a harvest of hope. And as the little child Jesus nestled confidently in his loving arms, and from under the dark lashes of those Judean eyes the "Light of the world" shone tenderly and sweetly upon his believing heart, must not all his life have seemed a blessed preparation for so heavenly a disclosure? To him the discipline of the years must in the end have covered themselves with the mantle of thanksgiving. The discordant voices of passion had long been hushed, and the feverish dreams of ambition were no more. Instead of enthusiasm he had experience, hardest of all things to acquire. To him the spiritual world had become real.

Such has been in some measure the experience of earnest men in all ages and in all lands. The mirage glitters only in the light and heat of mid-

day; the approach of evening dispels the illusion. So when the shadows fall and life draws near its end, some things are more distinctly perceived. There is a certain ease and mellowness of companionship in riper years. The horizon is broader, the sympathies are more general, and the feeling and purpose of the man more catholic. Anxiety for victory has given place to regard for truth. A distinguished writer has said that no one can understand Shakspeare before the age of forty has been reached. Up to that time it is quite possible to admire the dramatist, but no one under forty can comprehend his meaning or enter into his spirit. I verily believe there are some things not in literature alone or in philosophy, but in life and the spiritual domain that can never be learned from books and colleges, and that only the years can impart to the willing mind.

The approach of age should always bring with it moral rest, which is only another name for peace. Positive happiness is not absolutely essential; a man may forego this, and yet lead a strong, noble, and beautiful life. Some of the best characters in history have known much of sorrow, and have been themselves ripened into what they were by that very sorrow. I suppose it is the increasing desire and need for rest of both body and mind, and for peace of heart which should come with the years, that makes Wordsworth, so little cared for by the young, a favorite poet with elderly persons, and especially with

the contemplative. Watson has very much the same thought in his lovely poem, "Wordsworth's Grave"—a poem which has immortalized his name with the English-speaking world:

"Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine;
Not Shakspeare's cloudless, boundless human view;
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

What hadst thou that could make so large amends
For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?
Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.

From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,
From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-mirth,
Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

Not peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,
There in white langours to decline and cease;
But peace, whose names are also rapture, power,
Clear sight, and love: for these are parts of
peace."

What old age shall be must in considerable measure depend upon the use one makes of early years and mid-life. When a man is old his mind reverts to early days. Old habits of thought will not relinquish their hold. The man of eighty forgets what happened yesterday, but he recalls his childhood. How often in the hour of death, when the mind is clouded and the physical

faculties impaired, memory leaps the chasm of the years, and the old man is again surrounded by the scenes of his youth. We need not fear and we should not repine. Rather should we be grateful for what we have enjoyed, and for that Infinite Mercy in which we shall do well to confide.

“As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time;
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
‘Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.’ ”

Montaigne would have it that we are old at forty; and he cites the case of the younger Cato, who said to those who would prevent him from taking what little he thought was left of his life, “Am I now of an age to be reproached that I go out of the world too soon?” Cato was only forty-eight, and yet he thought himself superannuated. There is no standard by which we may measure the years. One man is old early in life, and another is loaded with fruit far into the winter. The Scripture measure is three-score-and-ten, but in these times, because our lives are so well protected, we reach a much greater age; and some are well and active in both body and mind after ninety and even more years. I had a delightful conversation with Julia Ward Howe when she

was not far from ninety, and, though she was reminiscent, she was still full of hope and enthusiasm. She lived to be a little over ninety-one, and to the end she possessed a clear mind. She was full of joy and of gladness in life long after physical infirmity had rendered active participation in the world of affairs impossible. She said, "People wonder why I don't die; but how can I, when I have eight great-grandchildren to see started in life?"

Some are ready for the work of life at a very early age, but not all are so favored. It was Montaigne's opinion that "our souls are adult at twenty as much as they are ever like to be, and as capable then as ever." Alexander was but thirty-three when he "wept for want of more worlds to conquer"; Hannibal was only thirty-six when he gained the battle of Cannæ, and threatened even the Imperial City; Charlemagne was master of France and of a part of Germany at twenty-nine; Raphael was not thirty when they called him the "divine" Raphael; Calvin was immortal before he was twenty-eight; Pope translated the *Iliad* before he had reached his twenty-fifth year; Isaac Newton was at the summit of his fame at thirty; Harvey was not thirty-four when he discovered the circulation of the blood; Byron had written his greatest poems before he was thirty-four, and he was in his grave at thirty-seven; Mozart died at thirty-five; John Jay was Chief Justice of New York at thirty-two. But though youth is full of great achievement,

age is not, therefore, wholly wanting in deeds of worth and renown; and in counsel and advice it greatly surpasses not only youth but mid-life as well.

Old age was not a sad or a melancholy thing to Mrs. Barbauld. She had lost most of the friends of her early life, and she has left it on record that she was lonely. After the death of Mrs. Taylor, whom she loved most of all, she consented to leave her solitary home, and to live the remaining years of her life with an adopted son. But death came to her before she could make the change. She died sitting quietly in her chair. Her literary life ended only with her natural life. She was over seventy when she wrote the little poem called "Octogenary Reflections." It is now among the forgotten fragments of the world's good literature, but once it was well known and greatly admired. She is remembered and will always be remembered by those beautiful lines which she called "Life," and which are to be found in nearly every anthology:

"Life, we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time.
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime,
Bid me good-morning."

Wordsworth used often to repeat those lines; Tennyson called them "sweet verses"; and

Madame d'Arblay in her old age told Crabb Robinson that every night when she went to rest she said those lines over to herself.

To the last all these whose names we have mentioned delighted themselves in noble associations, took pleasure in the beauty of song and in the common gladness of those who surrounded them, and were keenly alive to such opportunities for service as came to them even in old age. Thus to grow old is truly beautiful. It is to age as the trees age, putting on autumnal splendors with the approach of frost and snow. Anna Letitia Barbauld knew what it was to be lonely, for she had not only parted in the course of nature from early friends, but, being a woman of letters, her companionships even in mid-life must have been restricted. She tells us that she was lonely, but nevertheless we see in all we know of her life that no part of it was without some measure of satisfaction. The Psalmist, who thought that old age was only another name for three-score-and-ten, writing of it said, "Our strength is labor and sorrow." No doubt the labor and sorrow are often found, but we do well to put far from us so much of both as we can. If the labor must be, let it be with as little friction as possible. We may not live to be as old as Henry Jenkins, who died at the ripe age of one hundred and sixty-nine years and who was a fisherman angling in the brooks and water-courses of his dearly loved England even when he was a hundred and forty years old. Be

we ever so fond of the gentle but cruel sport, it is not at all likely we shall have anything resembling his skill. He made artificial flies the year before he died, without spectacles and without the assistance of others. No doubt Izaak Walton attributed the old angler's long life to out-door occupations, and especially to angling. Walton said, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling," but I should like to know the opinion of the trout and of the other fish that he and Jenkins and men of their way of thinking captured. Byron took a very different view of the matter when he wrote:

"And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says;
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull
it."

Age will come to all of us if we live long enough to experience its discomforts, but that period need not be, and certainly it should not be, one of distress if we have health and are lifted above the burden of want. Wise were the words of Sir Theodore Martin spoken by him in the Inaugural Address which he delivered when he became rector of St. Andrew's University:

"It is not years that make age. Frivolous pursuits, base passions unsubdued, narrow selfishness, vacuity of mind, life with sordid aims, or no aim at all—these are the things that bring age upon the soul. Healthful tastes, an open eye for what

is beautiful and good in nature and in man, a happy remembrance of youthful pleasures, a mind never without some active interest or pursuit—these are the things that carry on the feelings of youth even into years when the body may have lost most of its comeliness and its force.”

Sir Theodore Martin knew whereof he spoke, for when he uttered those wise and wholesome words he was himself in his ninetieth year. When he was a very old man he was still strong of mind and body—stronger, beyond all question, than many a younger man who listened to his discourse.

How about tobacco? Well, there are in our world as many opinions with regard to the use of “the weed” as there are men to entertain those opinions. Where there is so little agreement I would not be over-confident, and yet I have an opinion the nature of which will be understood when I express a willingness to discuss it over a fragrant cigar with anyone who does not agree with me. Tobacco used with moderation will, I think, injure but few, while it is a very great comfort to a large number of men. Used without moderation it is in nearly every case an injurious agent. I smoke as a general thing three cigars a day, one after lunch and two in the evening. I have never discovered that my three cigars a day have ever hurt me in any way.

Everyone knows the charming lines written by the old English poet George Wisher, who flourished in the time of James I. Wisher was a

kind and friendly man, and withal a man of courage who espoused the cause of the common people. After the Restoration our poet found himself in duress for three long years. I wonder much if in all that time he had sweet companionship in those delicate clouds of tranquillizing smoke he celebrated for us all so well in his delightful song:

“Tobacco’s but an Indian weed,
Grows green at morn, cut down at eve;
It shows our decay,
We are but clay—
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily-white,
Wherein so many take delight,
Is broke with a touch,
Men are but such—
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within
Shows how man’s soul is stained with sin;
And then, the fire
It doth require!
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind
Do serve to keep us all in mind
That unto dust
Return we must—
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The smoke that doth on high ascend
Shows how man's life must have an end.
The vapor's gone,
Man's life is flown—
Think of this when you smoke tobacco."

At a banquet of dealers in tobacco in St. Louis some years ago Col. Ingersoll made one of the most eloquent of all his eloquent addresses. With these words he brought the address to a close, and I think they are words that we should never allow time to erase from the literature of our land:

"Four centuries ago, Columbus, the adventurous, on the blessed island of Cuba, saw happy people who rolled leaves between their lips. Above their heads were little clouds of smoke. Their faces were serene, and in their eyes was the autumnal heaven of contentment. These people were kind, innocent, gentle and loving. The climate of Cuba is the friendship of the earth and the air, and of this climate the sacred leaves were born—leaves that breed in the mind of him who uses them the cloudless happy days in which they grew. These leaves make friends and celebrate with gentle rites the vows of peace. They have given consolation to the world. They are the friend of the imprisoned, of the exile, of workers in mines, of fellers of trees, of sailors on the deep sea. They are the givers of strength and calm to the vexed and weary minds of those who build with thought and rear the temples of the soul. They tell of rest and peace. They smooth the wrinkled brows of care, drive fear and misshapen dread from out the mind and fill the

heart with hope and rest. Within their magic warp and woof some potent spell imprisoned lies that, when released by fire, does softly steal within the fortress of the brain and bind in sleep the captured sentiments of care and grief. These leaves are the friends of the fireside and their smoke-like incense rises from myriads of happy homes. Cuba is the smile of the sea."

It is said that Sir Isaac Newton was smoking in his garden at Woolsthorpe when the apple fell. Dr. Parr was never without his pipe, which was half-filled with salt. He even took his pipe into drawing-rooms, where he smoked with a good-natured and vulgar vanity. Charles Lamb, Carlyle, and Tennyson were inveterate smokers. General Grant smoked the strongest cigars he could obtain. Tobacco-smoking is a social enjoyment, while the use of the opium-pipe is quite the reverse. Several smokers of opium may recline in the same room, but each smoker is wholly concerned with himself. A little conversation there may be at first, but soon each smoker draws himself like a snail into his own shell, and all is silence and repose. The little conversation at the beginning becomes, so soon as the drug takes effect, sententious and laconic; and the choice bits of foolish wisdom that are passed from smoker to smoker would not be bad literature for *Judge* or *Puck*.

Some kind of a stimulant man must have. It is well, I think, to recognize that fact, and to set about finding him something less harmful than

opium or gin. Napoleon, like Dr. Johnson, was a confirmed tea drinker. So was Gladstone, who confessed that "he drank more tea between midnight and daybreak than any other member of the House of Commons, and that the strongest brew of it never interfered with his sleep." *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette* has this interesting excerpt:

"The dish of tea was one of the most important factors in Johnson's life. Proficiency in the gentle art of tea brewing was regarded by him as an essential attribute of the perfect woman, and there can be no doubt that his female friends (and their name was legion) did their best to gratify his amiable weakness.

"Richard Cumberland tells us that his inordinate demands for his favorite beverage were occasionally difficult to comply with. On Sir Joshua Reynolds reminding him that he had already consumed eleven cups, he replied: 'Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine; why should you number my cups of tea?' adding laughingly and in perfect good humor: 'Sir, I should have released our hostess from any further trouble, but you have reminded me that I want one more cup to make up the dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland to round up my score.'

"When he saw the complacency with which the lady of the house obeyed his behests he said cheerily: 'Madam, I must tell you, for your comfort, you have escaped much better than a certain lady did a while ago, upon whose patience I intruded greatly more than I have yours. She asked me

for no other purpose than to make a zany of me and set me gabbing to a parcel of people I knew nothing of; so, madam, I had my revenge on her, for I swallowed five and twenty cups of her tea.'

"Cumberland declared that his wife would gladly have made tea for Johnson 'as long as the New River could have supplied her with water,' for it was then, and then only, he was seen at his happiest moment."

Tea is a stimulant, and like coffee and cocoa, has a three-fold effect—on the circulation, on the spinal cord, and on the brain. It increases the flow of blood through the brain cells and supplies them with extra nutriment. This again results in quickened thought. If by the use of this stimulant thought could be turned on when needed and could be again turned off when no longer required, tea would be an ideal drink. Unfortunately, intellectual activity is kept up when the tired brain requires sleep, and thus it comes to pass that large quantities of Dr. Johnson's strong brew may prove even more harmful than tobacco or spirits when used intemperately. Tea, coffee, and cocoa promote a feeling of well-being which is certainly most delightful, and it is not surprising that exhausted brain-workers have been tempted to use them immoderately. In preparing tea the leaves should never be boiled or stewed. The boiling water should in every case be poured on the leaves, and after standing for a few minutes should be again poured off. Tea should not be taken at the same meal with

flesh-meat, for it toughens the fibre of the meat and so renders it more or less indigestible. Bishop Berkeley, the distinguished philosopher whose theory of the nonexistence of matter has never been demolished, however much the experience of man may incline to a different explanation of the universe, was even more fond of tea than was Dr. Johnson. He expired drinking his favorite beverage. One evening he and his family were sitting and drinking tea together,—he on one side of the fire, and his wife on the other, and his daughter making the tea at a little round table just behind him. She had given him one cup, which he had drunk. She had poured out another which he left standing some time. “Father,” she asked, “will you not drink your tea?” Upon his making no answer, she stooped forward and looked at him, and found that he was dead. That was certainly a most beautiful way of dying—quietly, with neither pain nor sad farewell, encircled by the loved ones, and with the hand resting upon a cup of refreshing beverage. Berkeley directed in his will that his body should be kept above ground more than five days, and until it became offensive. It was to remain undisturbed and covered by the same bedclothes, in the same bed, the head raised upon pillows. Henry Ward Beecher was fond of strong coffee. The poet Schiller found himself better able to compose when he had before him on the table a few partly decayed apples; and when he could not have these he wanted coffee or champagne.

The elder Kean had with him at the theatre brandy and beef-tea which he drank between the acts; he adapted, so it is said, his dinner to the part he must play. Mrs. Jordan took calf's-foot-jelly dissolved in sherry. Gladstone when he did not drink tea took egg beaten up in sherry. Nearly every man uses in one way or another tobacco. And what a blessing the weed is to thousands of our race. Listen to Boswell as he sings the praise of the various kinds of snuff:

"O snuff! our fashionable end and aim,
 Strasburgh, Rappee, Dutch, Scotch, whate'er thy
 name;
 Powder celestial! quintessence divine!
 New joys entrance my soul, while thou art mine.
 By thee assisted, ladies kill the day,
 And breathe their scandal freely o'er their tea;
 Not less they prize thy virtues when in bed;
 One pinch of thee revives the vaped head,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and tickles in the sneeze."

It was tobacco and not literature that made the name of John Nicot famous. His two books and the first French Dictionary, of which he was the compiler, could never have saved from oblivion his worthy name. It was his introduction of the plant into France, and the adoption of his name as that of the oil contained in the leaves of the plant, that made Nicot's name familiar wherever the word "nicotine" is used.

No doubt many users of tobacco have injured

their health and shortened their lives by immoderate use of the plant; but surely the abuse of a thing furnishes no valid argument against its reasonable enjoyment. Nicot introduced some measure of contentment into the pleasant land of France when he introduced to its citizens the weed he loved so well. Moderately used, tobacco soothes the nerves and promotes peace. I do not know who wrote the famous "Recipe for Content," but surely it is well worth remembering, and Nicot may be regarded as the first mixer of its wholesome ingredients:

"Into a neat little room, all cozy and tight,
Put two large glasses of Southern light;
And an ounce of tobacco and a good easy chair,
Then thicken with volumes all spicy and rare.
Flavor with prints in the usual way
And serve to the taste, on a dull rainy day."

Tobacco, so beloved by the old, is itself a much older plant than most of those who smoke and chew its leaves suppose. We may laugh if we will at the grotesque conceit that Noah was intoxicated with tobacco and not with wine, but nevertheless it seems to have something of the solemnity of a Greek Church "tradition." Dr. Yates, simple-minded man, tells us that he saw a picture of a smoking party in one of the ancient Egyptian tombs. The author of a little book on tobacco, published in London in 1859, admits that Yates may have seen the picture of a smoking party which he describes, but he slyly insin-

uates that the original draughtsman was beyond all doubt not an ancient, but a modern Egyptian—some mischievous urchin of recent times who, tampering in sport with a real antique, “builted better than he knew,” and cheated an unsuspecting archæologist. It has also been suggested that the old Egyptian glass-blowers may be responsible for this most absurd of blunders.

We do not now use very much snuff, though it is still manufactured for royalty abroad and for Italian ecclesiastics. But everywhere men, and some women as well, smoke. Alcohol is even more common than tobacco. It has filled the world with its sorrow and gladness, and I fear that the sorrow is much in excess of the gladness. Disraeli consumed large quantities of champagne jelly. Thomas Paine was too fond of spirits for his own good, and so also was President Pierce, who was a very excellent man nevertheless. Poe, it is whispered, sometimes trifled with opium, not satisfied with things to drink.

About alcoholic beverages there is, despite the tragedy that is never far away, much of romance and good-fellowship. But the Indian weed seems to eclipse all other stimulants in the delightful literature that gathers about it. And it adds something to its praise that there cleaves to its fragrant leaves so little of painful tragedy.

As we advance in life time seems to fly with an ever increasing speed. And it is well that it is so. Our happiest years, which are usually those of early life, linger as if loath to depart; but

our more helpless years, those of "the lean and slippered pantaloons," appear as anxious to be gone as does life itself, so like from first to last "an empty dream." Even when old age has become a great burden its years still appear swift:

"The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages,
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

.
Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness."

When the end comes there often comes with it an imperative demand for rest. So urgent is the demand in some cases that the aged sufferer is unable to resist its pressure, and in a moment of weakness, it may be, he takes his own life. Lecky, in his "Map of Life," calls attention to a touching epitaph which he saw in a German churchyard:

"I will arise, O Christ, when Thou callest me; but oh! let me rest awhile, for I am very weary."

If we live long enough it is not unlikely that we shall even wish for death. There is an old Irish legend that illustrates that fact: In a certain lake in Munster, it is said, there were two islands; into the first death could never enter, but age and sickness, and the weariness of life, and parox-

ysms of fearful suffering were all known there, and they did their work till the inhabitants, tired of their immortality, learned to look upon the opposite island as upon a haven of repose. They launched their barks upon its gloomy waters; they touched its shore, and they were at rest.

With Plotinus, I thank God that my soul is not imprisoned within an immortal body, for in that case I should know a new mortality more to be feared than the one of which I now have knowledge. From every agony possible to man death furnishes a sure escape. A deathless body would mean living death. And yet men would close and fasten as with bolts of steel the one door without which hope were impossible. They would inscribe over the cradle of every infant the words that Dante saw over the Place of Doom. I could not wish to live were it not permitted me to die.

Yet nevertheless there is a sense in which body and mind alike are under the dominion of death. Auguste Comte said in a moment of depression, "Death governs the living." He may not have really believed the sovereignty of death so vast, but that was what he said, and in a very important sense the saying is true. Through the long years we are engaged in warding off death. Thousands of men are in bondage all their days through fear of death; and the very persons who reprove them for this fear, and who endeavor to rescue them from its baneful influence,

are themselves in many cases in bondage to the same dark dread. Porta was a distinguished surgeon at the University of Pavia. When, as sometimes happened, a patient died on the operating table through the depressing influence of fear, Porta would, in a transport of rage, throw the instruments to the floor, shouting, "Cowards die from fear!" Was the surgeon himself then so brave a man? Ah, he also had his *phobia*. He knew moments of the deepest depression. Yet still it is true that great age often brings its own sweet release, and the fear dies before the coming of death itself. And sometimes the martial spirit common in youth returns late in life, and the familiar lines of Browning become an experience:

"Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place.

.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes,
 and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my
 peers,
 The heroes of old."

Dr. Crothers, a distinguished physician who has given the best years of his life to the study

of the psychological features of disease and also to the cure of the drug habit, has propounded a theory not wholly new, but still unlike any other in the results which must follow its acceptance. He wrote in a medical journal: "There are many reasons for believing that we carry around with us great reserve powers and unknown energies which are seldom used, and that in old age appeal to these powers may give a certain vigor entirely unexpected which lengthens out life and practically overcomes disease." These "reserve powers and unknown energies" are, it is to be supposed, different from what is known as the subconscious self, but concerning that matter it is not necessary that we should speculate. Dr. Crothers tells us that did men but realize the hidden powers they have always with them the "deepest despondency would disappear from the continuous desire and effort to rise above it." In other words, this appeal may flood old age with a joy in life when, under ordinary circumstances and in most men, it has departed with the vigor of early days. This theory, which is not without some evidence to sustain it, is yet new, and must await the results of further investigation; but it certainly presents an alluring hope. Think what it really means to flood the sterile places of old age with the revitalizing tides of joy and expectancy, and to exterminate the rank and noxious weeds of despondency, doubt, and suspicion. We plant flowers over graves, but still the graves remain. Is this new theory an-

other planting of flowers over graves, or is there here an actual revitalizing and a resurrection of the man? Time only can answer that question. But still, one way or the other, old age, as has been shown, need not be utterly sad and lonely. Very much depends upon temperament, which is but another name for natural heritage, and over that we have no control. All we can do with it is to accept of it in whatever form it comes, and so to make of it the best use we can.

Much of the loneliness of age is occasioned by the death of early friends and companions. The man who survives these in a certain sense survives himself. New friends are not easily made after one has reached the age of fifty. And with the loneliness of declining years there comes a consciousness of the approach of a loneliness even deeper than any of which we have made mention—the loneliness of death.

“A lonely hour is on its way to each,
To all; for death knows no companionship.”

All the supreme places and conditions of life are lonely. Thousands of men may die in battle within a very circumscribed area and at the same time, yet to each man death comes as a solitary event. Our associations are superficial when compared with our isolations. Since, then, we cannot escape the great solitudes of our existence, is it not well that we give some time to their consideration? We may, if we will, look Destiny in the face, and thus acquaint ourselves in advance

with the "lonely hour," and we may thus in some measure disarm it of its terrors. Every man should learn to be alone without discomfort to himself. Gibbon wrote, "On the approach of spring I withdraw without reluctance from the noisy and extensive scene of crowds without company and dissipation without pleasure." We need not tarry for the spring. Each day brings with it its own opportunity:

"Sometime between the dawn and dark,
 Go thou, O friend, apart,
 That a cool drop of heaven's dew
 May fall into thy heart.
 Thus, with a spirit soothed and cured
 Of restlessness and pain,
 Thou mayest, nerved with force divine,
 Take up thy work again."

There have been many definitions of old age, but perhaps the best of them all is that which represents it as the period in life when a man no longer adjusts himself to his environment. The difficulty with this definition is that it is, under certain limitations, as applicable to infancy as to old age. And still further, sickness as well as age may render the adjustment impossible. According to Dr. George M. Beard ("Legal Responsibility in Old Age") the productive periods in man's life grade themselves thus:

The Brazen decade is between 20 and 30.
 The Golden decade is between 30 and 40.
 The Silver decade is between 40 and 50.

The Iron decade is between 50 and 60.

The Tin decade is between 60 and 70.

The Wooden decade is between 70 and 80.

The best and most productive period, it would appear, is the fifteen years between the ages of thirty and forty-five. And in that period the best two years, which must of course be as well the best in a man's entire life, are the two between thirty-eight and forty. There are many exceptions to the rule, but take the world and the ages into account, and I think the general results of investigation will indicate the period of time named as usually the best for work of whatever kind in the life of man. The procreative function in woman ceases between forty and fifty, which is just the period when the physical and mental powers begin to decline. Thus it comes to pass that we are spared the misfortune of an earth largely peopled by underlings.

In 1888 the following table of brain-workers was prepared. The men named were at the time, most of them, living, and possessed of the vigor of their faculties. The table is useful as showing, what most students of biometry know, that brain-work is favorable to longevity:

George Bancroft, Historian.....	87
F. A. P. Barnard, College President.....	79
J. S. Blackie, Scholar.....	79
John Bright, Statesman.....	77
Robert Browning, Poet.....	76
Robert E. Bunsen, Chemist.....	77

M. E. Chevreul, Chemist.....	102
J. D. Dana, Geologist.....	75
Jefferson Davis, Statesman.....	80
Ignatius Dollinger, Theologian.....	89
John Ericsson, Engineer.....	85
Octave Feuillet, Author.....	76
David D. Field, Lawyer.....	83
W. E. Gladstone, Statesman.....	79
Jules Grévy, Statesman.....	81
Oliver W. Holmes, Poet.....	79
Leo XIII., Pope.....	78
H. F. Manning, Cardinal.....	80
J. Louis Meissonier, Painter.....	76
James McCosh, Metaphysician.....	77
J. H. Newman, Cardinal.....	87
Richard Owen, Anatomist.....	84
Andrew P. Peabody, Clergyman.....	77
J. L. A. Quatrefages, Naturalist.....	78
Alfred Tennyson, Poet.....	79
Ambroise Thomas, Composer.....	77
Guiseppe Verdi, Composer.....	74
Thomas E. Vermilye, Clergyman.....	85
R. W. Weir, Painter.....	85
J. G. Whittier, Poet.....	84
T. D. Woolsey, Publicist.....	87

Dr. Nascher, a New York physician, tells us that while the debility of old age cannot be prevented, some of its effects may be relieved, the mental attitude may be improved, and the vigor of earlier days may be in some slight degree restored. The cause of senile debility is to be found

in the waste of muscle, cartilage, bone, and nerve tissue consequent on impaired metabolism. Whatever benefits the mental condition improves the debility. Growing old is in great measure due to mental influences, and yet those influences are in turn largely due to the physical changes named. Dr. Nascher, with no thought of esthetics, recommends phosphorus and arsenic, and would introduce various hygienic and dietetic measures. These would, no doubt, in some degree lessen the waste of tissue that brings about the decrepitude of old age. Small doses of morphine are followed by marked improvement, and where age is far advanced the drug habit need give no concern. An intellectual life wards off in some measure the approach of old age, as has been shown not only in the table just given, but in many other tables, and very forcibly in the following synopsis:

AVERAGE LENGTH OF LIFE

	Years.
Poets	66
Painters and sculptors.....	66
Musicians	62
Novelists	67
Superior officers.....	71
Philosophers	65
Historians	73
Inventors	72
Political agitators.....	69
Statesmen	71

The four most important natural indications of long life are: 1. Descent, at least on one side, from long-lived parents. 2. Serenity and cheerfulness of disposition, with which is associated contentment. 3. A well-proportioned physical frame. 4. The habit of sleeping long and soundly.

The physical features which indicate a long life are large heart, lungs, digestive organs, and brain; a long body with comparatively short limbs; a long hand with a somewhat heavy palm and short fingers; a deeply seated brain, as indicated by a low orifice to the ear; blue hazel or brown hazel eyes; large, open, and free nostrils, which indicate large lungs.

Women live longer than men, and the married out-live the single. The longer life of woman is, no doubt, due in great measure to her domestic retirement. The coming woman, with her new public and political duties, will find the emancipation of her sex attended with a decreasing length in life. A happy marriage promotes cheerfulness and contentment, both of which favor longevity.

The following rules, it seems to the writer, lived up to, will greatly favor longevity:

1. Sleep eight hours.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Have the window of your bedroom open most of the night.
4. Have your bedstead slightly removed from the wall.

5. Let your bath in the morning be at the temperature of the body.

6. Eat sparingly of meat.

7. Observe moderation in the use of alcohol.

8. Exercise in the open air every day.

9. Allow no animals to sleep in your bedroom.

10. See that you have some variety in your life.

11. Take for yourself a sufficient number of holidays.

12. Limit your ambition.

13. Drink freely of pure cool water, but avoid iced-water.

14. Restrain your passions.

Old age may be divested of many of its disabilities, but it can never be other than lonely. The old man in out-living his friends has, as has been already said, out-lived himself. He finds it hard to affiliate with the young, and the men of his own years are gone from him forever. His mind, soon wearied by even trivial things, wearies as well of the isolation, and in many cases death itself becomes even attractive. Thus in his swan-song a poet complains that Death has entirely forgotten him:

“Go to your nests, rooks, in the windy trees,
And vex not me with your ill-omened caw;
I am too old to live beneath Fear’s law;
Hopes fever me no longer nor doubts freeze.
Half I forget what makes the blackbird sing
So loud in spring.

The earth grows old around me; planets wane;
April's green glamour is spread out in vain;
The rose sends nets of fragrance from her tree,
But in her webs of beauty takes not me;
Out of the road I never turn my feet
For search of moonwort or of meadowsweet.

The sea sings loud for youth. I hear it moan,
Counting its rocky ramparts stone by stone,
And all the green-haired people of the waves
They do but make wild music over graves,
The graves of broken ships and drownèd men,
And cities that the sea has ta'en again.

I hate the gulls and terns that dip and cry
About the white cliffs, along the sundering sea,
Or I should hate, if hate had not passed by,
Even as love has, and forgotten me.
Time has outdistanced my slow feet—behold,
I have outlingered Death. I cannot die;
I am too old."

VII

CULTURE

"The Middle Ages had their wars and agonies, but also intense delights. Their gold was dashed with blood, but ours is sprinkled with dust. Their life was inwoven with white and purple, ours is one seamless stuff of brown."

—*Ruskin.*

"Live with the gods."

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

CULTURE

THE word "culture" is not easily defined. Webster is more witty than wise when he tells us that "culture is the act of cultivating." He reminds us of the physician who was sure that death was "substantially the loss of life." We are told that culture means production, but the words are not synonymous, for it is possible to produce the fruit of folly and ignorance. We are again informed that culture means advancement, and yet one may advance in the wrong direction. Principal Sharp says that "culture is the educing or drawing out of what is potential in man." It is the training of his faculties and energies, and the directing of them to their true ends. For all practical purposes Principal Sharp's definition is entirely satisfactory, unless it be objected that it is in reality a description rather than a definition.

The word training covers all the distance between a civilized man and his savage ancestors. In a state of nature we possess in embryo those faculties of mind and powers of body which, when trained, become the creators and exponents of civilization. There were potentially in our savage ancestors, as they ran naked through the forests, the English Magna Charta, the commonly received translation of the New Testament, the plays of Shakspeare, and the American Declaration of Independence. There is in

our human nature a wonderful wealth of intellectual material, irrespective of everything resembling spiritual experience.

We must distinguish between culture and mere polish. The two are often confounded, the one with the other, and yet they are entirely different things. Polish is superficial, that is to say, it has to do with the surface only, while culture is a change in quality. The distinction is clear enough in matters connected with social life. It requires more than a French finishing school to make a lady, and more than a gold-rimmed eye-glass to make a gentleman. One is neither lady nor gentleman so long as the moral nature remains uncultivated. As well might an uncultivated patch of ground be taken for a garden. A gentleman is a gentleman at heart or he is not one in any sense of the word. A true lady is gentle, modest, conciliatory, cordial, thoughtful of others, kind to her servants, and charitable in her judgments. But in all this there is something more than the developing of mere natural resources. Doubtless the possibilities of an oak are inclosed by the shell of the acorn, but light, air, and moisture have entered into the account. The light of sun and star, summer-rain and winter-frost, and all the juices of the earth are in that tree. A thousand outside influences unite with inward possibilities to make us what we are. Man is in a certain sense an epitome of the universe, for all its forces and substances enter into the mystery of his being. He is one with

these. The old English poet Herbert knew this when he wrote of man:

"He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there."

We are from the intellectual point of view what we are able to perceive. The Spirit said to boastful Faust, "Thou'rt like the spirit whom thou can'st comprehend—not me!" and Faust replied:

"Not thee?
Whom then?
I, God's own image!
And not rank with thee!"

But the Spirit condescended to no answer, and simply vanished. We are what we are able to perceive and comprehend. And it should be added that training is essential to the development of perception. The sailor will with unassisted eye derive more knowledge of a passing ship far away than a landsman can gather with a powerful glass. Where we see only confusion the artist perceives exquisite beauty. A woman visiting the studio of Turner looked intently at one of his pictures and said, "Mr. Turner, I go often to the place you have painted, but never do I see what you represent upon that canvas." "Ah, Madam," replied the artist, "don't you wish you could see it?" You turn to a noble poem, every line of which throbs with beauty,

but the poet found his splendor in the dust. You walked directly over it without discovering what the poet saw under his feet and all about him. Beauty is everywhere, but there must be a trained and educated eye with which to discover it.

"The poem hangs on the berry-bush,
When comes the poet's eye,
And the street is one long masquerade
When Shakspeare passes by."

A man like Emerson lives in a realm of beautiful perceptions:

"Let me go where'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

You think you hear music, but perhaps what you hear with the dull, untrained ear is little better than jangling discord as compared with the delicious melody the true musician hears. Sailor, artist, poet, musician are all products of different kinds of culture. We may add the saint if we will, for to this same process of training may be referred all his fineness of moral perception, strength against temptation, holiness of disposition, and loftiness of purpose. Behind the beauty of his life, and inseparably associated with it, is the austere reality of duty. No man ever dreamed himself into either earthly or heavenly wisdom. No man ever wished himself into a character. If one would have these he must endure hardness; and to the hardness there must be added continuance in well-doing. There is in morals a certain "squatter sovereignty" whereby continued exercise of a grace or virtue renders that grace or virtue the possession of the man who exercises it. Shakspeare makes one of his characters advise that if one be without a virtue he assume it. Therein lies a world of philosophy. Assume the virtue long enough, and moral "squatter sovereignty" perfects the title. True culture has in it a certain element of hardness, to which is added continuance. The Sacred Writer puts it in a line: "Having done all, stand."

It should be said that the higher forms of culture imply sympathy. Such culture is to be found only where advanced civilization prevails.

"Every man for himself" is the motto of savage life; "United we stand" is that of an enlightened community. "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." We are one race, and have common interests. True culture is altruistic. And so it comes to pass that in the end it is one with civilization.

The literatures of ancient Greece and Rome are so fragmentary and, to us, so unreal that there is now difficulty in believing they were once adequate for the intellectual expression of a living people. Our literature will suffer no such change. The printing-press imparts to even the most worthless book a stamp of immortality. Of all competitions the most strenuous is that of authorship. Merchants compete with traders of their own time only, while the author must compete with not only the living but with the dead of all lands and ages. Every new century increases the emulation, and but for the art of printing not one of the thousands of modern writers could hope for even the most transitory remembrance. Here is our great advantage over the ancients. The press so increases the number of copies and so distributes them that no misfortune will ever be able to entirely destroy the book that has once been published. Countless works known to men and women in ancient Greece have either wholly or partly disappeared. Where are the lost plays of Æschylus and Sophocles? Every copy of a book was laboriously written out by a human

hand, and of course there could be but few copies of any single book—there were never enough of these to insure immortality. Time and disaster smote them, and they perished. It is very different with us. The press gives to even the meanest production of the human mind its imprimature; and to the "Let it be printed!" is added the sure and impressive word, "Forever." The printing press is quite as likely to prove a foe as to show itself a friend of culture. Even as Nature favors alike the trained and experienced physician and the callow empiric, making no distinction between them, even so does the impartial press give to both good and bad in literature the stamp of permanence. It is true that the popularity of both will not be the same, and that the classic will be at all times more or less obtainable while other and less important works will sink into obscurity, but Gutemberg's discovery gives and will continue to give to all published books something resembling an even chance.

Leibnitz thought that the press, by preserving so many unworthy books, would become in time an evil rather than a benefit to the world. He believed that the press, by bestowing an indiscriminate immortality upon modern books, would in a large measure destroy the worth of that immortality. The Water Poet tells us that the greatest names in English literature owe their continued existence to paper and type, and that for want of these the great names of ancient

times have either perished or suffered some eclipse. Thus our old Water Poet sings, and that we have his song is due for the most part to the advantage which printing gives:

"In paper many a Poet now survives,
Or else their lines had perished with their lives.
Old Chaucer, Gower, and Sir Thomas More,
Sir Philip Sidney who the laurel wore;
Spenser and Shakspeare did in art excel,
Sir Edward Dyer, Greene, Nash, Daniel,
Silvester, Beaumont, Sir John Harrington;
Forgetfulness their works would over-run,
But that in Paper they immortally
Do live in spite of Death, and cannot die.

And many there are living at this day
Which do in Paper their true worth display.
As Davis, Drayton, and the learned Donne,
Johnson and Chapman, Marston, Middleton,
With Rowley, Fletcher, Wither, Massinger,
Heywood, and all the rest where'er they are,
Must say their lines but for the paper sheet
Had scarcely ground whereon to set their feet."

Greece and Italy were in ancient times the true home of culture. Other countries, as Egypt and the lands of the far East, developed something of plastic and literary art, though nothing that might be compared with the artistic evolution of Athens and Rome. Greece is no longer the seat of learning, nor is she closely connected with fine artistic advancement; but Italy remains to-day as of old the center of a world-culture

that draws to itself from all over the earth the lovers of whatever is noble and beautiful in feeling and expression. An American poet, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, has voiced this delight of the cultivated mind in all that modern as well as ancient Italy means to those who understand and love beauty for its own sake:

"Oh, to be kin to Keats as urn with urn
Shares the same Roman earth!—to sleep, apart,
Near to the bloom that once was Shelley's heart,
Where bees, like lingering lovers, re-return;
Where the proud pyramid,
To brighter glory bid,
Gives Cestius his longed-for fame, marking immortal Art.

Or, in loved Florence, to repose beside
Our trinity of singers! Fame enough
To neighbor lordly Landor, noble Clough,
And her, our later sibyl, sorrow-eyed.
Oh, tell me—not their arts
But their Italian hearts
Won for their dust that narrow oval, than the
world more wide!

So might I lie where Browning should have lain,
My 'Italy' for all the world to read,
Like his on the palazzo. For thy pain,
In losing from thy rosary that bead,
England accords thee room
Around his minster tomb—
A province conquered of thy soul, and not an
Arab slain!"

VIII

VICISTI GALILÆE

"Julian alone attempted to upbuild pagan society on strange lines of ethics, philosophy, and mysticism. A narrow-visioned Don Quixote, he strove after an impossible goal. But like Don Quixote, he, too, was a noble character appealing to the imagination, and it is fitting that his dying voice (so the legend goes) called forth 'the sun, the sun!'—a cry to the ideal."

—*George S. Hellman.*

"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean,
The world has grown gray at thy breath."

—*Swinburne.*

VICISTI GALILÆE

THE genuineness of the traditional last words of the Roman Emperor, Flavius Claudius Julian, may be doubted. The Apostate, for so they named him when he renounced the poor figment of Christianity which prevailed in his day, is reported to have exclaimed in the moment of death, "Vicisti, Galilæe!"—Thou hast conquered, O Galilean! These traditional last words rest mainly upon the authority of Theodoretus (III:25), though reënforced by the less important authority of other writers. The cry of despair attributed to the dying monarch lends itself with wonderful facility to well nigh every kind of artistic and literary effect. Swinburne's "Last Oracle" turns it to marvellous account:

"Dark the shrine and dumb the fount of song thence
welling,

Save for words more sad than tears of blood that
said:

"Tell the king, on earth has fallen the glorious
dwelling,

And the watersprings that spake are drenched
and dead.

Not a cell is left the God, no roof, no cover;

In his hand the prophet Laurel flowers no more.'

And the great king's high sad heart, thy true last
lover,

Felt thine answer pierce and cleave it to the core.

And he bowed down his hopeless head

In the drift of the wild world's tide,

And dying, 'Thou hast conquered,' he said,
'Galilean,' he said it, and died."

The over-dramatic effect of the "Vicisti, Galilæe!" awakens something more than mere suspicion that after all the Emperor may never have said anything of the kind; and yet, true or false, the picturesqueness of the phrase disarms adverse criticism. The other last words, though quite as venerable, and far more likely to be authentic, have never prevailed, and never can prevail against the dramatic force and poetic beauty of the "Vicisti, Galilæe!" The other last words, tame and commonplace, but probably genuine, are, "Sun, thou hast betrayed me!" When Julian turned from following the Galilean he became a worshiper of the sun. The sun was the source of all terrestrial life. From it sprang beauty and gladness. It smiled upon the sleeping earth, and the light of day filled the heavens with glory. Field and forest were astir, the flowers exhaled their sweetest odors, and man, his every step quickening with fresh energy, went forth to achieve new conquests, and to delight himself with increased possessions. Primitive idolatry in every land turned its face heavenward, and with reverential posture and praying lips saluted sun, moon, and stars. Gibbon quotes Julian's philosophic discourse with his friends during his last hours, and represents the Emperor as reaffirming his belief in the doctrines of Pythagoras and Plato. He said that his soul

would soon be united with the Divine Substance of the Universe. He still had faith in the Sun though he reproached that deity with having deceived him.

The scene that followed the fatal wounding of the Emperor, and the sudden destruction of his every hope and plan touching the restoration of Paganism, must have been more than simply impressive. Ammianus Marcellinus, who was with the army at the time, and should, therefore, have had exact knowledge of the last moments of Julian, likens the scene to that which Plato draws of the death of Socrates. It must, however, be remembered that the historian's predilections were strongly on the side of the Emperor.

Julian's childhood was passed under influences nominally religious but in reality selfish, ambitious, and cruel. Yet his early education included a knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures and of what may be described as the technique of public worship and church-government. The Christian Faith as held by Constantius II. was neither an attractive nor a helpful system of religious belief. On the contrary, it was brutal and savage—not much better than the Paganism it had supplanted. Constantius was himself far from being a brilliant exemplar of the virtues upon which he insisted. His mind was ill-formed and stupid, and, as such minds usually are, stubborn and intractable. He was lacking in reverence for sacred things. Without authority

and with neither moral nor intellectual fitness he aspired to be both leader and absolute ruler of the early church. Without troubling himself about councils he exalted and deposed whomsoever he would, requiring in all things complete and unhesitating submission to his autocratic will. He was one of the earliest of a long line of spiritual bosses, ruling with narrow-minded severity the humiliated consciences of his fellow-men. He called himself "Lord of the Universe," and for the old title, "His Majesty," or its equivalent, he substituted the meaningless, and it may be blasphemous, appellation of "His Eternity." Under his misrule violence and greed were everywhere.

It is not surprising that under such influence and surrounded by such disorder, Julian early doubted the truth of a faith that, calling itself after the name of Christ, was yet represented by advocates and followers who made no secret of their shameful and vicious living. There is some reason for believing that he was not wholly sincere when under such tutelage as has been described, he made profession of his faith in the religion of the Galilean. Why should he have been sincere? On every side were dishonesty and all kinds of wrong-doing. The most sacred things were despised and venerable usages were disregarded. His attendance upon divine service, his zeal in the study of the Apostolic Writings and in the erecting of shrines to the martyr Marnas, and his performance of certain clerical

functions connected with the public worship of his day, may all have been due, as Theodoret believes, to a slavish fear of Constantius. His very life depended upon his espousal of the new faith, and every selfish interest inclined him in the same direction. There were cogent reasons why he should inwardly despise the faith he had publicly espoused—reasons growing out of certain peculiarities of his temperament. He had inherited from a cultivated and pleasure-loving mother a fondness for the beautiful in art and letters. Guided by the refined taste of his congenial and faithful instructor, the aged Mardonius, he had learned to understand and enjoy the superb literature of ancient Pagan Greece. He sat with delight at the feet of Homer and Hesiod. To him 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' were more than epic poems; they were religious literature, alive with the charm and glory of a mythology that made an almost resistless appeal to his imagination. His heart was with the old order of things. Temples and statues were a perpetual delight, as were also theatre and Academy. Poets and philosophers were his companions and friends. With absorbed attention he heard the rhapsodists recite to the tinkle of the harp the marvellous story of Troy. The pictures of Xenxis and the statues of Papi-
teles charmed him. The Odes of Pindar and the pages of Herodotus were forever sounding in his ear. Is it, then, astonishing that the young Julian did not in his heart love a faith that op-

in
Prax

posed all these, and that sought to substitute for the spell of their enchantment a rude and fanatical priesthood?

The first indication of revolt against the barren and desolate thing misnamed Christianity which he had outwardly, and it may be under pressure, embraced, is to be found in the heed which he gave to the predictions of the soothsayer of Nicomedia. The young man, unable to explain those predictions upon natural grounds, was inclined to view them as of divine origin. To him they appeared quite as wonderful and more impressive than the miracles recorded in the New Testament. There is mention in history of a secret conference with certain Platonic philosophers who claimed to be able to introduce the human soul into the immediate presence of the gods. These philosophers were men of large acquaintance with the world and with human nature. In the unfolding of their philosophical tenets they surrounded themselves with an elegant and refined mystery peculiarly fascinating to the poetical imagination and cultivated tastes of Julian. They flattered him with their reverential courtesy and by the kindly and gracious way in which they fostered his genius, which they were not slow in discovering. They encouraged him to seek the assistance of Edesius of Pergamus, who was at that time the leader of their school. Edesius conducted the youth to the Temple of Hecate, the mysterious divinity whom the ancients sometimes identified with

Diana of "the moonlight splendor of the night," and sometimes with Proserpine the goddess of darkness, secrecy, and witchcraft who visited the earth at night. Her approach was made known by the barking of dogs, those animals being able to see her form before it became visible to men. The marvellous disclosures of that Temple were more than Julian could withstand. There are reasons for believing that he visited the adjoining shrine of Apollo, but of that we have no positive information. In the Temple of Hecate, a pinch of sacred incense having been burned to purify the reason, there appeared in flame and smoke what Julian seems to have received with neither question nor doubt as the Divine Presence. What was it that Julian saw, and that so greatly influenced his after life? Various conjectures have been offered, but among them that of a purely subjective or mental image resulting from the influence of narcotic vapors mingling with the fragrant smoke of burning incense has of late years secured the largest favor. Virgil's description of the Pythoness under the power of inspiration shows how completely the human mind could at times come under the control of the "divine fury" known to ancient Roman worship.

"Her color changed; her face was not the same
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possessed
Her trembling limbs, and heaved her laboring
breast.

Greater than human kind she seemed to look,

And with an accent more than mortal spoke,
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll,
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
At length her fury fell; her foaming ceased,
And ebbing in her soul, the god decreased."

Sometimes the worshiper shared with the inspired women of the temple or of the cave their mental excitement. Hypnotic control is another possibility. It may be the Divine Presence was represented to the stimulated imagination by a beautiful woman trained to perform her part in the religious enchantment. All these sources of impression were known in some way and in some degree to the religious worship and service of the ancients. Trickery and fraud were not infrequently made use of, and sometimes natural forces and agents were unwittingly pressed into service by men who believed them to be supernatural. There has been recently discovered, so it is reported, the secret of the "eternal flames" that burned from year to year without any visible renewing of fuel upon the altar of Zoroaster on the "Sacred Isle" in the Caspian Sea, where the founder of the fire-cult preached his religious doctrines. The altar was situated directly over a deposit of natural gas. Neither the prophet nor his followers had any knowledge of the gas, which had probably been lighted by accident, and which, when once lighted, continued to burn year after year. The mysterious flame, sustained with apparently no renewal of material for combustion, was easily mistaken for

a celestial fire kindled and supported in attestation of the doctrine and faith taught and served at the altar. A fire that burned for only a brief time authenticated the mission of Elijah and occasioned the overthrow of the priests of Baal. How much more convincing to men living under a primitive civilization must have appeared the "eternal flames" that required, so far as could be discovered, neither care nor fuel. Were those men and women who centuries ago adored that mystical fire fools or impostors? They were neither. They made the best use of the limited knowledge within their reach. More could not have been required of them. I cannot believe that the Infinite Mercy held them accountable for a light that never illuminated their darkened understanding, and for opportunities they never enjoyed. What to them was a perpetual miracle is to us a natural phenomenon; and doubtless some things that now strike us as supernatural will in future years seem commonplace and quite within the power of the ordinary forces of the world to accomplish. Others will view them without surprise and explain them without difficulty. We do not know what Julian saw in the Temple of Hecate, but whatever it was, we are told that the first time he saw it he was filled with fear and instinctively made the sign of the cross. At once the entire display vanished, and where had been celestial glory was only empty air. Twice the same sign dissolved the pageant. Surprised at this, Julian ex-

claimed, "After all, then, the Christian sign has power!" The philosophers who had him in training were not in the least disconcerted. "Noble prince," said they, "do you think that you have frightened the gods? They fear nothing. They vanished because they were unwilling to associate with a profane person." The explanation, sophistical and disingenuous as it appears to us, satisfied the eager and inexperienced mind of the young Julian, and the sign was not repeated. Again a supernatural splendor illuminated the sacred recesses of the Temple, and a mysterious voice, possibly the musical echo of his own desires or of his excited imagination, or, it may be, the unscrupulous work of one versed in the art of ventriloquism, sounded in his ears, and it was revealed to him he should soon ascend the throne and destroy the religion of the Galilean.

Constantius died November 3d, A. D. 355, and three days later Julian was declared Cæsar. His sword and his pen were equally at the service of the faith he loved. Above all things he desired to restore the ornate splendor of the old order, and to give again to the discrowned gods their lost dignity; he would rekindle the sacred fire upon altars that had grown cold, and rebuild the ruined temples. We are in possession of a body of literature, largely controversial, that he left to the world and that proves beyond question the sincerity of his purpose, while it exhibits the fine scholarship and beauti-

ful training that won for him the admiration of many who neither sympathized with his faith nor desired the success of his plans. If we put aside the thought of his defection and consider his books as literature we cannot fail of being impressed with their strength, reasonableness, and moderation. His orations and epistles exhibit great natural ability, and in but few places are they disfigured by bitterness of spirit or a vindictive temper, which is much more than can be said for most of the polemics of his day. He had what has been called "the saving grace of humor." He was quick-witted, good at repartee, and able to condense much important material within a narrow compass. His knowledge of jurisprudence and his acquaintance with the art of governing men astonishes when we consider the age in which he lived and the circumstances by which he was surrounded. Yet with all these rare attainments, his understanding of history and human nature, and his skill in dialectics and philosophy, he failed entirely in grasping the genius of the age in which he lived. The signs of the times he could not read. The ornate, artistic, literary, and beautiful Paganism of his mind had no reality in the world around him. He idealized with a poet's fancy the vulgar and commonplace. The gods were dead but he knew it not. His mistake was radical and its cost was great. Desiring the good of his fellow-men, he yet antagonized their best interests and identified his brief reign with an

unworthy and declining cause. The Christianity of his time was miserably corrupt, and in some respects the Paganism it supplanted was its superior; still it was true then as it is now that the hopes of both the world and of the individual gather around and center in the cross of the triumphant Galilean.

That the Emperor resorted to severe measures in his effort to overthrow the church and restore the worship of the gods is conceded, but it should be remembered to the credit of the man, and for a correct understanding of the end he had in view, that those measures were always regretted and were resorted to only when in his opinion sanguinary means could not be avoided. In one of his Epistles he wrote:

"Again and again I charge all votaries of the true worship to do no wrong to the Galilean masses, neither to raise hand nor direct insult against them. For those who go wrong in matters of the highest import deserve pity, not hatred, for religion is verily chiefest of goods, and irreligion the worst of evils."

Again he wrote in an Epistle:

"By the gods, I want no Galilean killed, or wrongfully scourged, or otherwise injured. Godly men I do desire to be encouraged, and I plainly say they ought to be encouraged. This Galilean folly has turned almost everything upside down: nothing but the mercy of the gods has saved us all. Therefore we ought to honor the gods and godly men and cities."

Sozomenus, who lived in the first half of the fifth century, says, in his "*Ecclesiastica Historia*," that Julian "while minded in every way to support Paganism, accounted the compulsion or punishment of unwilling worshipers ill-advised." St. Jerome tells us that Julian's system was "a gentle violence that strove to win, not drive." Crocius thinks the Emperor "was guilty of assailing Christianity by craft rather than by repression," and that he "wanted to make converts by stimulating ambition rather than by playing upon the fears of men."

Julian strove in every way to make severity unnecessary. Yet he must have been at times sorely provoked to vengeance by the violence and insolence of his enemies, some of whom spared him not but upon every occasion held him up to the derision of the world. Gregory named him with Cain, Ahab, Herod, and the Sodomites. This last comparison was made in the face of the well-known fact of his exceptional temperance and chastity. He lived with almost austere moderation in an age of rampant vice. There are verses extant in which he is described as a "slayer of souls," "Satan's foul sink of crime," and a "tyrant accursed." Public prayers were offered for his destruction. Yet, if history may be believed, Julian was ever slow to retaliate. Few petitions, it would seem, were put up for his conversion. His destruction was the one thought and wish of his adversaries. The boast was openly made by men who viewed

prayer as a kind of magic that Julian would be prayed to his death. Libanius, the Sophist whom Julian addressed as his "Dearest Brother," wrote: "Does any one desire to know who was the man that killed the Emperor? I know not his name, but that he was none of the avowed and armed enemy there is clear proof." Libanius insinuates that the assassin was a Christian.

Julian's effort to reform Paganism was the result of his early Christian education. The light of the Galilean had rendered the darkness and deformity of the old Paganism intolerable. It was Julian's purpose to engraft upon the religion of the gods the ethics or morals of Christianity. To that end he insisted that priests should lead holy lives; they were to relieve the distresses of their fellow men, to do good to all men, to avoid all wicked actions and all indecent language. They were to give their time to study and to the worship of the gods. Three times each day they were to attend the temple with which they were connected. And only the pious and virtuous were to be elevated to the priesthood. "Such," to use the words of Milner "was the fire which the Apostate stole from heaven, and such was his artifice in managing it." ¹ Julian established schools for the education of young men, and he also founded hospitals, because, to use his own words, "the Galileans relieve both their own poor and ours." But the religion of the gods was a dead religion,

¹ "History of the Church of Christ," Chap. VIII.

and no misguided effort could infuse into its heart the fire of life.

That Julian despised the Christianity of his day, which was very unlike the religion of Jesus in many of its most salient features, is not strange. But that so bright a mind was wholly blind to the power of the Cross in any shape it could assume is truly astonishing. Julian was a philosopher and well-wisher of his race. He had a religious nature and desired to see virtue prevail. But the arguments he advanced against the new and rising faith were neither forcible nor in any measure original. They were old and had been refuted many times. They were founded upon a complete misconception of Christianity and an irrational idealization of the old Pagan cult.

Julian died, wounded in battle, at the age of thirty-four, A. D. 363. Tradition has it that in the moment of death he threw up into the air a handful of his own heart's blood, exclaiming, "Vicisti, Galilæe!"—"Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!"

Fantastic is the tale, and yet in it there is a truth at once sad and glorious. Could Julian return from the dark shadows of the grave, would he not rejoice with us all in that bitter defeat which was in the end so great a victory? Let us say with Ibsen in his play of "The Emperor Julian":

"Here lies a splendid broken tool of God."

ADDENDUM

It may be Julian had in the Temple of Hecate some such experience as was vouchsafed the initiate into the mysteries of Eleusis. These are described by Apuleius and Dion Chrysostome, who themselves passed through the truly awful ceremony. After entering the grand vestibule of the mystic shrine, the aspirant was led by the hierphant, amidst surrounding darkness and incumbent horrors, through all those extended aisles, winding avenues, and gloomy adyta mentioned by the writers named as belonging to the mystic temples of Egypt, Eleusis, and India. The metempsychosis was one of the leading principles taught in those temples, and the first stage in the induction of the new aspirant represented the wanderings of the benighted soul through the mazes of vice and error before initiation.¹ Presently the ground began to rock beneath his feet, the whole temple trembled, and strange and dreadful voices were heard through the midnight silence. To these succeeded other louder and more terrific noises, resembling thunder; while quick and vivid flashes of lightning darted through the cavern, displaying to his view many ghastly sights and hideous spectres emblematical of the various vices, diseases, infirmities, and calamities incident to that state of terrestrial bondage from which his struggling soul was now

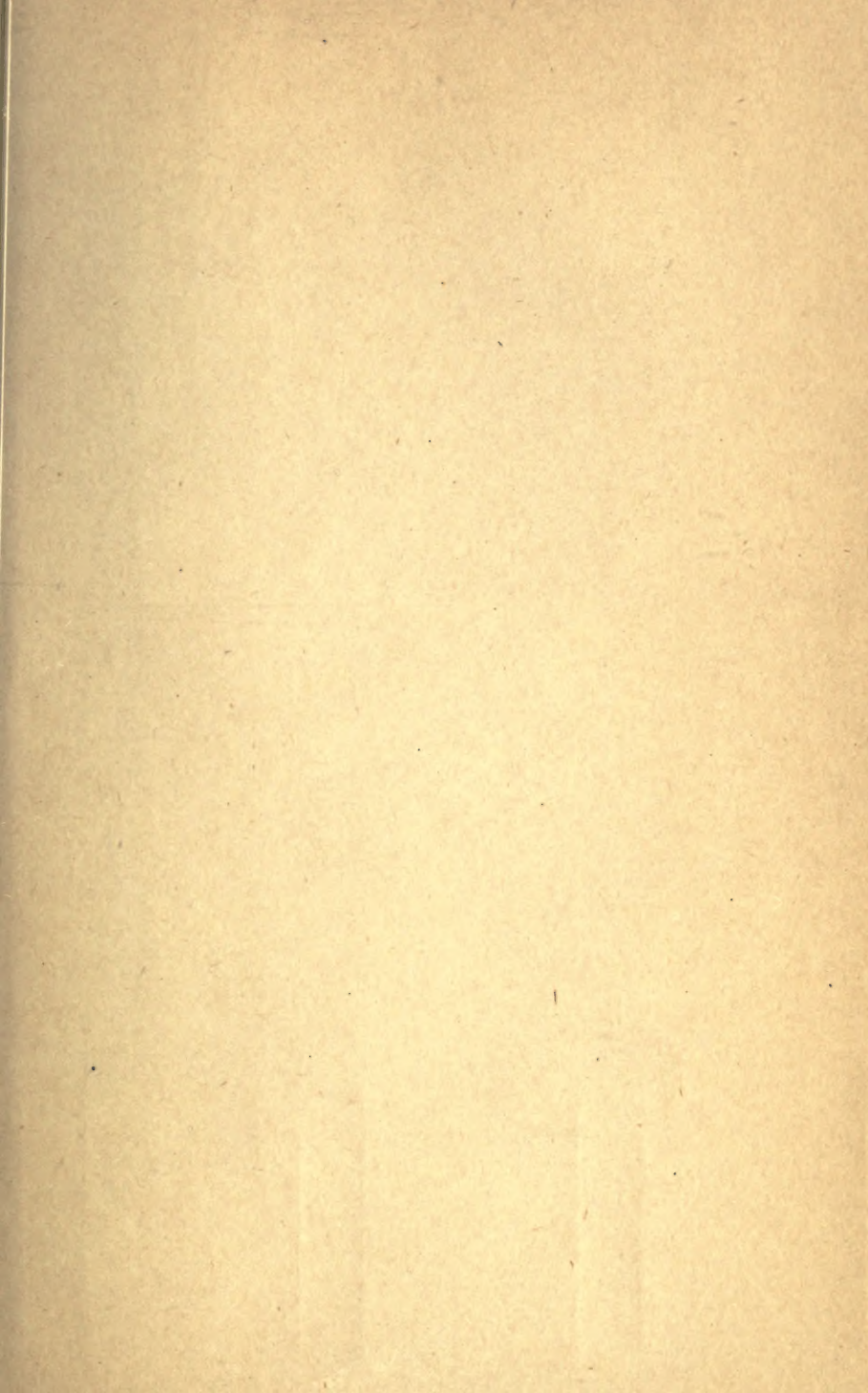
¹ "It was a rude and fearful march through night and darkness."—*Stobæus*.

going to emerge, as well as of the horrors and penal torments of the guilty in a future state.

At this period, all the pageants of the system of worship represented, all the train of gods both supernal and infernal, passed in awful succession before him; and a hymn, called "Theology of the Gods," recounting the genealogy and functions of each, was sung. After this the whole fabulous detail was solemnly recited by the mystagogue; a divine hymn in honor of ETERNAL AND IMMUTABLE TRUTH was chanted, and the profounder mysteries commenced. And now, arrived on the verge of death and initiation, everything wears a dreadful aspect; it is all horror, trembling, and astonishment. An icy chilliness seizes his limbs; a copious dew, like the damp of real death, bathes his temples; he staggers, and his faculties begin to fail. Then the scene is of a sudden changed, and the doors of the interior and splendidly illuminated temple are thrown wide open. A miraculous and divine light discloses itself, and shining plains and flowery meadows open on all hands before him. Arrived at the bourn of mortality, after having trod the gloomy threshold of Proserpine, the initiate passed rapidly through all the surrounding elements; and at deep midnight beheld the sun shining in meridian splendor.¹ The clouds of mental error and the shades of real darkness being now alike dissipated, both the soul and the

¹ "Apuleii Metamorphosis," lib. ii. v. i. p. 273. Edit. Bipout, 1788.

body of the initiated experienced a delightful feeling of divine repose. While the soul, purified with lustrations, bounded in a blaze of glory, the body dissolved in a tide of overwhelming transport. Plato says, "The aspirants saw celestial beauty in all the dazzling radiance of its perfection. They joined in the glorified chorus, and were admitted to the beatific vision; they were initiated into the most blessed of all mysteries."





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